

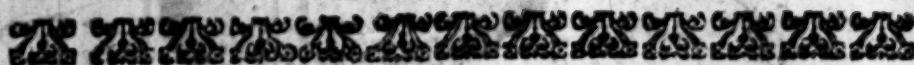
The Maides Tragedie:
AS IT HATH BEENE
divers times Acted at the *Black-Friers* by
the Kings Maiesties Servants.

Written by *Francis Beaumont*, and *John Fletcher*
Gentlemen.

The fourth Impression, Revised and Refined.



Printed by E. G. for *Henry Shepherd*, and are to be sold at the
signe of the Bible in *Chancery lane*. 1638.



SPEAKERS.

KING.

LISIPPVS *brother to the King.*

AMINTOR. *a noble Gentleman.*

EVADNE, *wife to AMINTOR.*

MELANTIVS } *brother to EVADNE.*

DIPHILVS }

ASPATIA *troth-pligh; wife to AMINTOR.*

CALIANAX *an old humorous Lord, and father to*
ASPATIA.

CLEON } *Gentlemen.*

STRATO }

DIAGORAS *a servant.*

ANTIPHILA } *Waiting Gentewomen to ASPATIA.*

OLIMPIVS }

DVLA *a Lady.*

NIGHT

CINTHIA }

NEPTVNE }

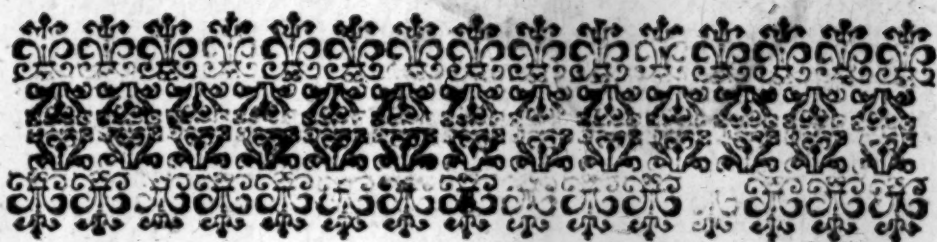
EOLVS }

Maskers.

The Stationers Censure,

Good Wine requires no Busb, they say,
And f, No Prologue such a play:
The makers therefore did forbear
To have that Grace prefixed here.
But cease here Censure lest the Buyer
Hold thee in this a vaine Supplier.
My Office is to set it forth
Where Fame applauds it's reall worth.

The



The Maydes Tragedie.

Actus I. Scæn. I.

Enter CLEON, STRATO, LISIPPUS, DIPHILUS.



CLEON. The rest are making ready fir.

Stra. So let them, theres time enough.

Diph. You are the brother to the King my Lord, wee'l take your word.

Lis. *Strato*, thou hast some skill in Poetrie, What thinkst of a Maske, will it be well?

Stra. As well as Maske can be.

Lis. As Maske can be?

Stra. Yes, they must commend their King, and speake in praise of the assembly, blesse the Bride and Bridegroom, in person of some God, they're tyed to rules of flatterie.

Cle. See, good my Lord, who is return'd.

Lis. Noble *Melantius*,

Enter Melantius.

The land by mee welcomes thy vertues home to *Rhodes*; thou that with blood abroad, buyest us our peace, The breath of Kings is like the breath of Gods: my brother wisht thee here, and thou art here: he will be too kind, and wearie thee with often welcomes; but the time doth give thee a welcome, above his, or all the worlds.

Mel. My Lord, my thanks, but these scratcht limbes of mine, have spoke my love and truth unto my friends, More than my tongue ere could, my mind's the same it

The Maides Tragedie.

Ever was to you ; where I finde worth,
I loue the keeper, till he let it goe,
And then I follow it.

Diph. Haile worthy brother,
He that reioyces not at your returne
In safety, is mine enimie for ever.

Mel. I thanke thee *Diphilus* : but thou art faulty,
I sent for thee to exercise thine armes
With me at *Patria* : thou cam'st not *Diphilus* :
Twas ill.

Diph. My noble brother, my excuse
Is my Kings strict command, which you my Lord
Can witnesse with me.

Lis. Tis true *Melantius*,
He might not come till the solemnitie
Of this great match were past.

Diph. Have you heard of it ?

Mel. Yes, I have given cause to those that
Envy my deeds abroad, to call me gamesome,
I have no other businesse heere at *Rhodes*.

Lis. We have a maske to night,
And you must tread a souldiers measure.

Mel. These soft and silken wars are not for me,
The musicke must be shrill and all confus'd,
That stirres my bloud, and then I dance with Armes :
But is *Aminor* wed ?

Diph. This day.

Mel. All ioyes upon him, for he is my friend :
Wonder not that I call a man so young my friend,
His worth is great : valiant he is and temperate,
And one that never thinks his life his own,
If his friend neede it : when he was a boy,
As soft as I return'd (as without boast)
I brought home conquest, he would gaze upon me,
And view me round, to finde in what one limbe
The vertue lay to doe those thinges he heard :
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feele

The Maides Tragedie.

The quicknesse of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it, he oft would make me smile at this;
His youth did promise much, and his ripe yeares
Will see it all performd.

*Enter Aspasia,
passing by.*

Melan. Haile Maid and Wife.
Thou faire *Aspasia*, may the holy knot
That thou hast tied to day, last till the hand
Of age undoe't, mayst thou bring a race
Unto *Aminor*, that may fill the world
Successively with Souldiers.

Aspa. My hard fortunes
Deserve not scorne, for I was never proud
When they were good.

Exit Aspasia.

Mel. How's this?

Lis. You are mistaken, for she is not married.

Mel. You said *Aminor* was.

Diph. Tis true, but.

Mel. Pardon me, I did receive
Letters at *Patria* from my *Aminor*
That he should marry her.

Diph. And so it stood,
In all opinion long, but your arrivall
Made me imagine you had heard the change.

Mel. Who hath he taken then?

Lis. A Ladie fir,
That beares the light above her, and strikes dead
With flashes of her eye, the faire *Eriadne*
Your veruious sister.

Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them,
But this is strange.

Lis. The King my brother did it
To honour you, and these solemnities
Are at his charge.

Mel. Tis royall like himselfe,
But I am sad, my speech beares so unfortunate a sound
To beautifull *Aspasia*: there is rage
Hid in her fathers brest, *Calianax*

The Maides Tragedie.

Bent long against me, and he should not thinke,
If I could call it back, that I would take
So base revenges, as to scorne the state
Of his neglected daughter: holds hee still his greatnesse

Lis. Yes, but this Lady with the King?

Walkes discontented, with her watry eyes
Bent on the earth: the unfrequented woods
Are her delight, and when shee sees a banke
Struck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell
Her servants, what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in, and make her maids
Pluck'em, and strow her over like a corse.
She carries with her an infectious griefe,
That strikes all her beholders, she will sing
The mournfullst things that ever eare hath heard
And sigh, and sing againe, and when the rest
Of our young Ladies in their wanton blood,
Tell mitchful tales in course that fill the roome
With laughter, she will with so sad a looke
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her griefe
Will put in such a phrase, that ere she end,
Shee'l send them weeping one by one away.

Mel. She has a brother under my command
Like her, a face as womanish as hers,
But with a spirit that hath much out-growne
The number of his yeares. *Enter Amintor.*

Cle. My Lord the Bridegroome.

Mel. I might run fiercely, not more hastily
Upon my foe: I love thee well *Amintor*,
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart,
I joy to looke upon those eyes of thine,
Thou art my friend, but my disordered speech
Cuts off my love.

Amin. Thou art *Melantius*,
All love is spoke in that, a sacrifice
To thank the gods, *Melantius* is return'd

The Maides Tragedie.

In safety, victory sits on his sword
As she was wont; may she build there & dwell,
And may thy armour be as it hath been,
Onely thy valour and thy innocence.
What endlesse treasures would our enemies give,
That I might hold thee still thus!

Mel. I am but poore in words, but credit me young man,
Thy mother could no more but weepe, for joy to see thee
After long absence: all the wounds I have,
Fercht not so much away, nor all the cries
Of widowed mothers: But this is peace,
And what was warre.

Amin. Pardon thou holy god
Of marriage bed, and frowne not, I am forc't
In answer of such noble teares as these,
To weepe upon my wedding day.

Mel. I feare thou art growne too sicke, for I heare
A Lady mournes for thee, men say to death,
Forsaken of thee, on what termes I know not.

Amin. She had my promise, but the King forbade it,
And made me make this worthy change, thy sister
Accompanied with graces above Her
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth,
And grow old in her armes.

Mel. Be prosperous.

Enter Messenger.

Messen. My Lord, the Maskers rage for you.

Lis. We are gone.

Cleon, Strato, Diphilus.

Amin. Wee'll all attend you, we shall trouble you
With our solemnities.

Mel. Not so *Aminor*.

But if you laugh at my rude carriage
In peace, Ile doe as much for you in warre
When you come thither: yet I have a Mistresse
To bring to your delights, rough though I am,
I have a mistresse, and she has a heart

She

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She saies but trust me, it is stone, no better,
There is no place that I can challenge in't,
But you stand still, and here my way lies. *Exit.*

Enter Calianax with Diagoras.

Cal. *Diagoras*, looke to the doores better for shame:
you let in all the world, and anon the King will raile at
me: why very well said, by *Ioue* the King will have the
show i'th Court.

Diag. Why doe you sweare so my Lord?
You know heele haue it heere.

Cal. By this light if he be wise, he will not.

Diag. And if he will not be wise, you are forsworne.

Cal. One may sweare his heart out with swearing, and
get thanks on no side, Ile be gone, looke to't who will.

Diag. My Lord, I will never keepe them out.
Pray stay, your lookes will terrifie them.

Cal. My lookes terrifie them, you coxcomby asse you,
Ile bee iudg'd by all the company, whether thou hast not a
worse face then I.

Diag. I meane because they know you, and your office.

Cal. Office, I would I could put it off, I am sure I sweat
quite through my office, I might haue made roome at my
daughters wedding, they ha nere kild her amongst them.
And now I must doe service for him that hath forsaken
her, serve that will. *Exit Calianax.*

Diag. Hee's so humourous since his daughter was forsaken:
harke, harke, there, there, so, so, codes, codes.

What now?

within

Knocke within.

Mel. Open the doore.

Diag. Who's there?

Mel. *Melantius.*

Diag. I hope your Lord-ship brings no troope with
you, for if you do, I must returne them. *Enter Melantius.*

Mel. None but this Lady sir.

and a Lady,

Diag. The Ladies are all plac'd above, save those that
come in the Kings troope, the best of *Rhodes* sit there,
and

The Maides Tragedie.

and theres roome.

Mel. I thanke you sir : when I have seene you plac'd madam, I must attend the king, but the maske done, Ile waite on you againe.

Diag. Stand backe ther, roome for my Lord *Melantius*, pray beare back, this is no place for such youths and their truls, let the doores shut agen; I, doe your heads itch? Ile scratch them for you: so now thrust and hang: againe, who ist now, I cannot blame my Lord *Calianax* for going away, would he were here, he would run raging among them, and break a dozen wiser heads then his owne in the twinkling of an eye: whats the newes now? *within*
I pray you can you helpe mee to the speech of the Master Cooke?

Diag. If I open the doore, Ile cooke some of your Calves heads. Peace rogues.—againe,—who ist?

Mel. *Melantius within. Enter Calianax to Melantius.*

Cal. Let him not in.

Diag. O my Lord a must, make roome there for my Lord, is your Lady plac'd?

Mel. Yes sir, I thank you, my Lord *Calianax*, well mer, Your causeles hate to me I hope is buried.

Cal. Yes I doe service for your sister here, That brings my owne poore child to timelesse death, She loves your friend *Aminor*, such an other false hearted Lord as you.

Mel. You doe me wrong,
A most vnmanly one, and I am slow
In taking vengeance, but be well advis'd.

Cal. It may be so: who plac'd the Lady there so neere the presence of the King?

Mel. I did,

Cal. My Lord she must not sit there.

Mel. Why?

Cal. The place is kept for women of more worth.

Mel. More worth then she, it mis-becomes your age,
And place to be thus womanish, forbear,

B

What

The Maides Tragedie.

What you have spoke I am content to thinke
The palsey shooke your tongue too.

Cal. Why tis well if I stand here to place mens wenches.

Mel. I shall forget this place, thy age, my safety, and
through all, cut that poor sickly weeke thou hast to live,
away from thee.

Cal. Nay I know you can fight for your whore.

Mel. Bate the King, and be hee flesh and blood
A lies that sayes it, thy mother at fifteene
Was blacke and sinfull to her.

Diag. Good my Lord.

(man,

Mel. Some god pluckt threescore yeeers from that fond
That I may kill him and not staine mine honour,
It is the curse of soldiers, that in peace
They shall be bran'd, by such ignoble men,
As (if the land were troubled) would with teares
And knees beg succour from 'em, would that blood
(That sea of blood) that I have lost in fight,
Were running in thy veines, that it might make thee
Apt to say lesse, or able to maintaine,
Shouldst thou say more, — This *Rhodes* I see is nought
But a place priviledg'd to doe men wrong.

Cal. I, you may say your pleasure.

Enter Amintor.

Amint. What vilde injurie
Has stir'd my worthy friend, who is as slow
To fight with words, as he is quick of hand?

Mel. That heape of age, which I should reverence
If it were temperate but testy yeeers
Are most contemptible

Amint. Good sir forbear.

Cal. There is just such another as your selfe.

Amint. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,
As if he had no life to lose
Since this our match: the King is coming in,
I would not for more welch then I enioy
He should perceive you raging, he did heare
You were at difference now, which hastned him.

Cal. Make roome there.

Hoboyes

The Maides Tragedie.

Hoboyes play within.

Enter King, Enadne, Aspatia, Lords and Ladies.

King. *Melantius* thou art welcome, and my love
Is with thee still; but this is not a place
To brabble in; *Calianax*, ioyne hands.

Cal. He shall not have mine hand.

King. This is no time
To force you to't, I do love you both,
Calianix you looke well to your office,
And you *Melantius* are welcome home,
Begin the Maske.

Mel. Sister I ioy to see you, and your choyse,
You lookt with my eies when you tooke that man,
Be happy in him. *Recorders.*

Enad. O my deereſt brother.
Your preſence is more ioyfull then this day can be unto me.

The Maske.

Night riſes in miſts.

Nig. Our reigne is come, for in the raging ſea
The Sun is drown'd, and with him fell the day:
Bright *Cynthia* heare my voyce, I am the night
From whom thou beaſt about thy borrowed light,
Appeare, no longer thy pale viſage ſhrowde,
But ſtrike thy ſilver hornes quite through a cloud,
And ſend a beame upon my ſwarthy face,
By which I may diſcover al the place
And perſons, and how many longing eyes
Are come to waite on our ſolemnities.

Enter Cymbix.

How dull and blacke am I? I could not finde
This beauty without thee, I am ſo blinde,
Me thinkes they ſhew like to thoſe Eſterne ſtreakes
That warne us hence before the morning breakes,
Back my pale ſervant, for theſe eyes know how

The Maides Tragedie.

To shoote farre more and quicker rayes then thou.

Cinth. Great Queene, they be a troope for whom alone
One of my clearest moones I have put on,
A troope that lookes as if thy selfe and I
Had pluckt our raines in, and our whips layd by
To gaze upon these Mortals, that appeare
Brighter then we.

Nigh. Then let us keepe 'em here,
And never more our Chariots drive away,
But hold our places and our shine the day. (speake

Cinth. Great Queene of shadowes you are pleas'd to
Of more then may be done, we may not breake
The gods decrees, but, when our time is come,
Must drive away and give the day our roome.
Yet whil'st our raigne lasts, let us stretch our power
To give our servants one contented houre,
With such vnwonted solemne grace and state
As may for ever after force them hate
Our brothers glorious beames, and with the night,
Crown'd with a thousand starres, and our cold light:
For almost all the world their service bend
To *Phœbus*, and in vaine my light I lend,
Gaz'd on unto my setting from my rise
Almost of none, but of vnquiet eyes. (power,

Nigh. Then shine at full, faire Queene, and by thy
Produce a birth to crowne this happy houre,
Of Nymphes and shepheards, let their songs discover,
Easie and sweet, who is a happy Lover,
Or if thou woot, then call thine owne *Endimion*
From the sweet flowry bed he lyes upon,
On *Latmus* top, thy pale beames drawne away,
And of this long night let him make a day. (mine,

Cinth. Thou dream'st darke Queene, that faire boy was not
Nor went I downe to kisse him, ease and wine
Have bred these bold tales, Poets when they rage
Turne gods to men, and make an houre an age,
But I will give a greater state and glory,

The Maides Tragedie.

And raise to time a noble memory
Of what these Lovers are ; rise, rise, I say,
Thou power of deepes, thy surges layd away,
Neptune great King of waters, and by me
Be proud to be commanded. *Neptune rises.*

Nep. Cinthia see.

Thy word hath fetcht me hither, let me know
Why I ascend.

Cinth. Doth this majesticke show
Give thee no knowledge yet ?

Nep. Yes, now I see
Some thing intended *Cinthia* worthy thee,
Goe on, Ile be a helper.

Cinth. Hie thee then,
And charge the winde flie from his rocky den.
Let loose thy subiects, onely *Boreas*
Too foule for our intention as he was,
Still keepe him fast chained, we must have none here
But vernall blasts and gentle winds appeare,
Such as blow flowers, and through the glad bowes sing
Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring.
These are our musicke : next, thy warrie race
Bring on in couples ; we are pleas'd to grace
This noble night, each in their richest things
Your owne deeps or the broken vessell brings,
Be prodigall and I shall be as kind,
And shine at full upon you.

Nep. Hoe the wind *Enter Eolus out of a rocke.*
Commanding *Eolus*.

Eol. Great *Neptune*.

Nep. He.

Eol. What is thy will ?

Nep. VVe doe command thee free
Favonius and thy milder winds to wait
Vpon our *Cinthia*, but tie *Boreas* straight,
Hee's too rebellious.

Eol. I shall doe it.

The Maides Tragedie.

Nep. Doe, great master of the flood, and all below;
Thy full command has taken.

Eol. Hoe! the Maine;

Neptune.

Nep. Heere.

Eol. *Boreas* has broke his chaine,
And struggling with the rest has got away.

Nep. Let him alone, Ile take him up at sea,
He will not long be thence, goe once againe
And call out of the bottomes of the Maine,
Blew *Protheus*, and the rest, charge them put on
Their greatest pearles and the most sparkling stone
The beaten rocke breeds, till this night is done
By me a solemne honour to the Moone,
Flie like a full saile.

Eol. I am gone.

Cin. Darke night
Strike a full silence, doe a thorow right
To this great *Chorus*, that our Musicke may
Touch high as heaven, and make the East breake day
At mid-night.

Musicke.

Song.

Cynthia to thy power and them
we obey.

Joy to this great company,
and no day

Come to steale this night away,
Till the rites of love are ended,
And the lusty Bride groome say,
Welcome light of all befriended.

Pace out you wat'ry powers below,
let your feete

Like the gallies when they row
even beate.

Let your unknowne measures set
To the still windes, tell to all
That gods are come immortall great,

The Maides Tragedie.

To honour this great Nuptiall.

The Measure.

Second Song.

Hold backe thy houres darke night till we have done,

The day will come too soone,

Young Maydas will curse thee if thou steal'st away,

And leav'st their blushes open to the day.

Stay, stay, and hide

the blushes of the Bride.

Stay gentle night, and wish thy darknesse cover

the kisses of her Lover.

Stay and conuind her teares and her shrill cryings,

Her weake denials, vower and often dyings,

Stay and hide all,

but helpe not though she call.

Nep. Great Queene of us and heaven,

Heare what I bring to make this houre a full one,

If not her measure.

Cinth. Speake Seas King.

Nept. Thy tunes my Amphitrite joyes to have,

When they will dance upon the rising wave,

And court me as the sayles, my Trytons play

Musicke to lead a storme, He lead the way.

Song.

Measure.

To bed, to bed, come Hymen, lead the Bride,

And lay her by her husbands side:

Bring in the virgines every one

That grieue to lye alone:

That they may kisse while they may say, a mayd,

To morrow 'twill be other kist and sayd:

Hesperus be long a shining,

Whilst these Lovers are a twining.

Eol. Ho Neptune.

Nept. Eolus.

Eol. The Sea goes hie,

Boreas hath rais'd a storme, goe and apply

Thy

The Maides Tragedie.

Thy trident, else I prophesie, ere day
Many a tall ship will be cast away :
Descend with all the gods, and all their power
To strike a Calme.

Cinb. A thanks to every one, and to gratulate
So great a service done at my desire,
Ye shall have many floods fuller and higher
Then you have wisht for, no Ebbe shall dare,
To let the day see where your dwellings are :
Now backe vnto your government in hast,
Lest your proud charge should swell above the waft,
And win vpon the I land.

Nep. We obey. *Neptune descends,
and the Sea-gods.*

Cin. Hold vp thy head dead night, seest thou not day ?
The East begins to lighten, I must downe
And give my brother place.

Night. Oh I could frowne
To see the day, the day that flings his light
Vpon my Kingdomes, and contemnes old Night,
Let him goe, on and flame, I hope to see
Another wilde fire in his Axletree,
And all fall drenche; but I forget, speake Queene.
The day growes on, I must no more be seene.

Cin. Heave vp thy drowfie head agen, and see
A greater light, a greater Majestie,
Betweene our selfe and us, whip up thy teame,
The day breakes here, and yon same flashing streame
Shot from the South, say, which way wilt thou goe ?

Night. He vanish into mists. *Exeunt.*

Cinb. I into day. *Finis Maske.*

King. Take lights there Ladies, get the Bide to bed,
We will not see you laid, good night *Aminor,*
Weele ease you of that tedious ceremonie,
Were it my case, I should thinke time runne slow.
If thou beest noble, youth, get me a boy
That may defend my Kingdome from my foes.

Amin.

The Maides Tragedie.

Amin. All happinesse to you.

King. Good night *Melantius.*

Exeunt.

Actus secundus.

Enter Euadne, Aspatia, Dula, and other Ladies.

D*UL.* Madam, shall we undresse you for this night?
The warres are nak't that you must make to night.

Eua. You are very merry *Dula.*

Dul. I should be farre merrier Madam, if it were with me
As it is with you.

Euad. Why how now wench?

Dul. Come Ladies, will you helpe?

Euad. I am soone undone,

Dul. And as soone done;

Good store of clothes will trouble you at both.

Euad. Art thou drunke *Dula?*

Dula. Why heeres none but we.

Euad. Thou thinkst belike there is no modesty
When we are alone.

Dula. I by my troth, you hit my thoughts aright.

Euad. You prick me Lady.

Dula. Tis against my will,
Anon you must endure more, and lye still.
You're best to practise.

Euad. Sure this wench is mad.

Dula. No faith, this is a trick that I have had
Since I was fourteene.

Euad. Tis high time to leave it.

Nay, now Ile keepe it till the trick leave me;
A dozen wanton words put in your head,
Will make you lively in your husbands bed.

Euad. Nay faith then take it.

Dula. Take it Madam, where?
We all I hope will take it that are here.

C

Euad.

The Maides Tragedie.

Euad. Nay then Ile give you ore.

Dul. So will I make
The ablest man in *Rhodes*, or his heart ake.

Euad. Wilt take my place to night?

Dul. Ile hold your cards against any two I know.

Euad. What wilt thou doe?

Dul. Madam weele do't, and make'm leave play too.

Euad. *Aspatia* take her part.

Dul. I will refuse it.

She will pluck down a side, she does not use it.

Euad. VVhy doe.

Dul. You will finde the play
Quickly, because your head lies well that way.

Euad. I thanke thee *Dula*, would thou couldst instill
Some of thy mirth into *Aspatia*:
Nothing but sad thoughts in her breast doe'dwell,
Methinkes a meane betwixt you would doe well.

Dul. She is in love, hang me if I were so,
But I could run my countrey, I love too
To doe those things that people in love doe.

Asp. It were a timelesse smile should prove my cheekes,
It were a fitter houre for me to laugh,
When at the Altar the religious Priest
VVere pacifying the offended powers
VVith sacrifice, than now, this should have been
Mynight, & all your hands have been imployed
In giving me a spotlesse offering
To young *Aminors* bed, as we are now
For you: pardon *Euadne*, would my worth
VVere great as yours, or that the King, or he,
Or both thought so, perhaps he found me worthlesse,
But till he did so, in these eares of mine,
(These credulous eares) he pow'd the sweetest words
That art or love could frame, if he were false,
Pardon it heaven, and if I did want
Vertue, you safely may forgive that too,
For I have lost none that I had from you.

Euad.

The Maides Tragedie.

Euad. Nay, leave t his sad talke Madame.

Aspat. VVould I could, then should I leave the cause.

Euad. See if you have not spoyle all *Dulas* mirth.

Aspat. Thou thinkst thy heart hard, but if thou beest caught, remember me; thou shalt perceive a fire shot suddenly into thee.

Dul. Thats not so good, let 'em shoot any thing but fire, I feare 'em not.

Asp. VVell wench, thou mayst be taken.

Euad. Ladies good night, Ile doe the rest my selfe.

Dul. Nay, let your Lord doe some.

Asp. Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismall Yew.

Euad. Thats one of your sad songs Madam.

Asp. Believe me, tis a very pretty one.

Euad. How is it Madame?

Song.

Asp. Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismall yew,
Maydens willow branches beare, say I died true:
My love was false, but I was firme, from my houre of birth,
Upon my buried body lay lightly gentle earth.

Euad. Fic ont Madame, the words are so strange, they are able to make one dreame of Hobgoblins: I could never have the power, sing that *Dula*.

Dula. I could never have the power
To love one above an houre,
But my heart would prompt mine eye
On some other man to flye,
Venus fixe mine eyes fast,
Or if not, give me all that I shall see at last.

Euad. So, leave me now.

Dula. Nay, we must see you layd.

Asp. Madam good night, may all the marriage joyes
That longing mayds imagine in their beds,
Prove so unto you, may no discontent
Growtwixt your love and you, but if there doe,
Enquire of me, and I will guide your mone,
Teach you an artificiall way to grieve,

The Maides Tragedie.

To keepe your sorrow waking, love your Lord
No worse than I, but if you love so well,
Alas you may displease him, so did I,
This is the last time you shall looke on me:
Ladies farewell, as soone as I am dead,
Come all and watch one night about my hearse,
Bring each a mournfull story and a teare
To offet at it when I goe to earth:
With flattering Ivie claspe my coffin round,
Write on my brow my fortune, let my Beere
Be borne by virgines that shall sing by course
The truth of maids and perjuries of men.

Euad. Alas, I pittie thee.

Exit Euadne.

Omnes. Madam good night.

1 Lady. Come, wee le let in the Bridegroome.

Dul. Where's my Lord?

1 Lady. Here take this light,

Enter Amintor.

Dul. Youle finde her in the darke.

(her.)

1 Lady. Your Ladie's scarce abed yet, you must helpe

Asp. Goe and be happy in your Ladies love,

May all the wrongs that you have done to me,

Be utterly forgotten in my death,

He trouble you no more, yet I will take

A parting kisse, and will not be denied.

Youle come my Lord, and see the Virgines weepe,

When I am layd in earth, though you your selfe

Can know no pittie: thus I winde my selfe

Into this willow garland, and am prouder

That I was once your love (though now refus'd)

Than to have had another true to me.

So with my prayers I leave you, and must try

Some yet unpractis'd way to grieve and dye.

Dul. Come Ladies, will you goe?

Exit Aspatia.

Om. Good night my Lord.

Amin. Much happinesse unto you all.

Exeunt Ladies.

I did that Lady wrong; me thinkes I feele

Her griefe shoot suddenly through all my veines;

Mine

The Maides Tragedie.

Mine eyes run, this is strange at such a time.
It was the King first mov'd me to't, but he
Has not my will in keeping, ——— why doe I
Perplex my selfe thus? something whispers me,
Goe not to bed: my guilt is not so great
As mine owne conscience (too sensible)
Would make me thinke; I onely brake a promise,
And twas the King that forc'd me: timorous flesh,
Why shak'st thou so? away my idle feares. *Enter Evadne.*
Yonder she is, the luster of whose eye
Can blot away the sad remembrance
Of all these things: Oh my *Evadne* spare
That tender body, let it not take cold,
The vapours of the night will not fall here.
To bed my Love, *Hymen* will punish us
For being slack performers of his rites.
Cam'st thou to call me?

Evad. No.

Amint. Come, come, my Love,
And let us loose our selves to one another.
Why art thou up so long?

Evadne. I am not well.

Amint. To bed, then let me winde thee in these armes,
Till I have banisht sicknesse.

Evad. Good my Lord I cannot sleepe.

Amint. *Evadne* wee le watch, I meane no sleeping.

Evad. Ile not goe to bed.

Amint. I prethee doe.

Evad. I will not for the world.

Amint. Why my deere Love?

Evad. Why? I have sworne I will not.

Amin. Sworne! *Evadne.* I.

Amint. How? Sworne *Evadne*?

Evad. Yes, sworne *Amin*or, and will sweare againe,
If you will wish to heare me.

Amint. To whom have you sworne this?

Evad. If I should name him, the matter were not great.

The Maides Tragedie.

Amin. Come, this is but the coyneffe of a bride:

Eusad. The coyneffe of a bride?

Amin. How prettily that frowne becomes thee!

Eusad. Doe you like it so?

Amin. Thou canst not dresse thy face in such a looke
But I shall like it.

Eusad. VVhat looke likes you best?

Amin. VVhy doe you aske?

Eusad. That I may shew you one lesse pleasing to you.

Amin. How's that?

Eusad. That I may shew you one lesse pleasing to you.

Amin. I prethee put thy jests in milder lookes.

It shewes as thou wert angry:

Eusad. So perhaps I am indeed.

Amin. VVhy, who has done thee wrong?
Name me the man, and by thy selfe I sweare,
Thy yet unconquered selfe, I will revenge thee.

Eusad. Now I shall try thy truth, if thou dost love me,
Thou weigh'st not any thing compar'd with me,
Life, honour, joyes eternall, all delights
This world can yeeld, or hopefull people faine,
Or in the life to come are light as aire
To a true lover when his Lady frownes,
And bids him doe this: wilt thou kill this man?
Sweare my *Aminator*, and Ile kisse the sin
Off from thy lips.

Amin. I will not sweare, sweet love,
Till I doe know the cause.

Eusad. I woud thou wouldst,
VVhy it is thou that wrongest me, I hate thee,
Thou shouldst have kild thy selfe.

Amin. If I should know that, I should quickly kill
The man you hated.

Eusad. Know it then, and do't.

Amin. Oh no, what look soere thou shalt put on,
To try my faith, I shall not thinke thee false,
I cannot finde one blemish in thy face,

VVhere

The Maides Tragedie.

Where falshood should abide, leave and to bed,
If you have sworne to any of the virgines
That were your old companions, to preserve
Your maydenhead a night, it may be done
Without this meane.

Euad. A maydenhead *Amintor* at my yeares?

Amin. Sure she raves, this cannot be
Thy naturall temper, shall I call thy mayds?
Either thy healthfull sleep hath left thee long,
Or else some fever rages in thy blood.

Euad. Neither *Amintor*, think' you I am mad,
Because I speake the truth?

Amin. VVill you not lye with me to night?

Euad. To night? you talke as if I would hereafter.

Amin. Hereafter? yes I doe.

Euad. You are deceiv'd, put off amazement, and with pa-
VVhat I shall utter, for the Oracle — (cience marke
Knowes nothing truer, tis not for a night
Or two that I forbear thy bed, but for ever.

Amin. I dreame, — awake *Amintor*.

Euad. You heare right,
I sooner will finde out the beds of snakes,
And with my youthfull bloud warme their cold flesh,
Letting them curl themselves about my limbes,
Than sleepe one night with thee; this is not faine,
Nor sounds it like the coynesse of a bride.

Ami. Is fl sh so earthly to endure all this?
Are these the joyes of marriage? *Hymen* keepe
This story (hat will make succeeding youth
Neglect thy ceremonies) from all eares.
Let it not rise up for thy shame and mine
To after ages, wee will scorne thy lawes,
If thou no better blisse them, touch the heart
Of her that thou hast sent me, or the world
Shall know theres not an altar that will smoke
In praise of thee, we will adopt us sonnes,
Then, yertue shall inherit, and not blood:

The Maides Tragedie.

If we doe lust, wee'le take the next we meet,
Serving our selves as other creatures doe,
And never take note of the female more,
Nor of her issue. I doe rage in vaine,
She can but jest; Oh pardon me my love,
So deare the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I must breake forth; satisfie my feare:
It is a paine beyond the hand of death,
To be in doub'; confirme it with an oath,
If this be true.

Euad. Doe you invent the forme,
Let there be in it all the binding words
Divels and Conjurers can put together,
And I will take it; I have sworne before,
And here by all things holy doe againe,
Never to be acquainted with thy bed.
Is your doubt over now?

Amin. I know too much, would I had doubted still:
Was ever such a marriage night as this?
You powers above, if you did ever meane
Man should be us'd thus, you have thought a way,
How he may beare himselfe and save his honour:
Instruct me in it; for to my dulleyes
There is no meane, no moderate course to run.
I must live scorn'd, or be a murderer:
Is there a third? why is this night so calme?
Why does not heaven speake in thunder to us,
And drowne her voyce?

Euad. This rage will doe no good.

Amin. Euadne, heare me, thou hast tane an oath,
But such a rash one, that to keepe it, were
Worse than to sweare it, call it backe to thee,
Such vowes as those never ascend the heaven,
A teare or two will wash it quite away:
Have mercie on my youth, my hopefull youth,
If thou be pittifull, for (without boast)
This land was proud of me: what Lady was there

That

The Maides Tragedie.

That men cald faire and vertuous in this Isle,
That would have shund my love? It is in thee
To make me hold this worth ——— Oh we value men,
That trust out all our reputation
To rest upon the weake and yeelding hand
Of feeble woman! but thou art not stone;
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell
The spirit of love, thy heart cannot be hard.
Come lead me from the bottome of despaire,
To all the ioyes thou hast, I know thou wilt,
And make me carefull lest the sudden change
Ore-come my spirits.

Euad. When I call backe this oath, the paines of hell
inviron me .

Amin. I sleepe, and am too temperate, come to bed,
Or by those haire, which if thou hast a soule like to thy
Were threads for Kings to weare (locks,
About their Armes.

Euad. Why so perhaps they are.

Amin. Ile dragge thee to my bed, and make thy tongue
Vndoe this wicked oath, or on thy flesh
Ile print a thousand wounds to let our life.

Euad. I feare thee not, doe what thou darst to me,
Every ill sounding word, or threatening looke
Thou shewest to me, will be reveng'd at full.

Amin. It will not sure *Euadne.*

Euad. Doe not you hazard that.

Amin. Ha ye your Champions?

Euad. Alas *Aminitor*, thinkest thou I forbear
To sleepe with thee, because I have put on
A maidens strictnesse? looke upon these cheekes,
And thou shalt finde the hot and rising blood
Vnapt for such a vow, no, in this heart
There dwels as much desire, and as much will
To put that wisht act in practise, as ever yet
Was knowne to woman, and they have beene showne
Both, but it was the folly of thy youth,

The Maides Tragedie.

To thinke this beauty (to what land so e're
It shall be cald) shall stoope to any second.
I doe enioy the best, and in that hight
Have sworne to stand, or die; you guesse the man.

Amin. No, let me know the man that wronges me so,
That I may cut his body into moles,
And scatter it before the Northern winde.

Enad. You dare not strike him.

Amin. Doe not wrong me so,
Yes, if his body were a poysonous plant,
That it were death to touch, I have a soule
Will throw me on him.

Enad. Why is the King.

Amin. The King?

Enad. What will you doe now?

Amin. Tis not the King.

Enad. What did he make this match for dull *Aminator*?

Amin. Oh thou hast nam'd a word that wipes away
All thoughts revengefull: in that sacred name,
The King, there lies a terror: what fraile man
Dares lift his hand against it? let the Gods
Speake to him when they please, till when let us
Suffer, and waite.

Enad. Why should you fill your selfe so full of heate,
And haste so to my bed? I am no virgin.

Amin. What diuell put it in thy fancy then
To marry me?

Enad. Alas, I must have one
To father Children, and to beare the name
Of husband to me, that my sinne may be
More honorable.

Amin. What a strange thing am I?

Enad. A miserable one, one that my selfe
Am sory for.

Amin. Why shew it then in this,
If thou hast pitie, though thy love be none;
Kill me, and all true lovers that shall live.

The Maides Tragedie.

In after ages crost in their desires,
Shall blisse thy memory, and call thee good,
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,
To red a lingring wretch.

Euad. I must have one
To fill thy roome againe, if thou wert dead,
Else by this night I would: I pittie thee.

Amin. These strange and sudden injuries have false
So thicke upon me, that I lose all sense
Of what they are: me thinkes I am not wrong'd,
Nor is it ought, if from the censuring world
I can but hide it — Reputation,
Thou art a word, no more, but thou hast shewn
An impudence so high, that to the world
I feare thou wilt betray or shame thy selfe.

Euad. To cover shame I rooke thee, never feare
That I would blaze my selfe.

Amin. Nor let the King
Know I conceive he wronges me, then mine honor
Will thrust me into action, that my flesh
Could beare with patience, and it is some ease
To me in these extremes, that I knew this
Before I touch thee; else had all the finnes
Of mankinde stood betwixt me and the King,
I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine,
I have lost one desire, tis not his crowne
Shall buy me to thy bed: now I resolve
He has dishonour'd thee, give me thy hand,
Be carefull of thy credit, and fin close,
Tis all I wish, upon thy chamber floore
He rest to night, that morning visiters
May thinke we did as married people use,
And prethee smile upon me when they come,
And seeme to toy, as if thou hadst beene pleas'd
With what we did.

Euad. Feare not, I will doe this.

Amin. Come let us practise, and as wantonly

The Maides Tragedie.

As ever loving bride and bridegroome met,
Lets laugh and enter here.

Euad. I am content.

Amin. Downe all the swellings of my troubled heart.
When we walke thus intwin'd, let all eies see
If ever lovers better did agree.

Exit.

Enter Aspasia, Antiphila, Olympias.

Asp. Away, you are not sad, force it no further,
Good gods, how well you looke! such a full colour
Yong bashfull brides put on: sure you are new married.

Ant. Yes Madam to your grieve.

Asp. Alas poore wenches,
Goe learne to love first, learne to lose your selves,
Learne to be flattered, and beleve, and blisse
The double tongue that did it,
Make a faith out of the miracles of ancient lovers,
Did you nere lovey t wenches? speake *Olympias*,
Such as speake truth and di'd in it,
And like me beleve all faithfull, and be miserable,
Thou hast an easie temper, fit for stampe.

Olimp. Never.

Asp. Nor you *Antiphila*?

Ant. Nor I.

Asp. Then my good girles, be more then women, wise.
At least, bee more then I was, and bee sure you credit any
thing the light gives light to, before a man; rather beleve
the sea weepes for the ruin'd merchant when he rores, ra-
ther the wind courts, but the pregnant sailes when the
strong cordage crackes, rather the sunne comes but to kisse
the fruit in weakhy Autumne, when all fallies blasted; if
you needes must love (forc'd by ill fate) take to your maiden
bosomes two dead cold Aspicks, and of them make lovers,
they cannot flatter nor forswear: one kisse makes a long
peace for all; but man, oh that beast man!
Come lets be sad my girles,
That downe cast of thine eie *Olympias*
Shewes a fine sorrow; marke *Antiphila*,
Just such another was the Nymph *Enones*.

• 2 When

The Maides Tragedie.

When *Paris* brought home *Hellen*: now a teare,
And then thou art a peece expressing fully
The *Carthage* Queene, when from a cold sea rocke,
Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes,
To the faire *Troian* ships, and having lost them,
Iust as thine eyes doe, downe stole a teare *Antiphila*;
What would this wench doe, if she were *Aspatia*?
Here she would stand, till some more pittying god
Turnd her to marble: tis enough my wench,
Shew me the peece of needle worke you wrought.

Ant. Of *Ariadne* Madam?

Asp. Yes that peece,
This should be *Thesew*, has a coufening face,
You meant him for a man.

Ant. He was so Madam.

Asp. Why then tis well enough, never looke backe,
You have a full winde, and a false heart *Thesew*,
Does not the story say, his Keele was split,
Or his Masts spent, or some kinder rocke or other
Met with his vessell?

Ant. Not as I remember.

Asp. It should ha beene so, could the gods know this,
And not of all their number raise a storme,
But they are all as ill. This false smile was well exprest,
Iust such another caught me, you shall not goe so *Antiphila*,
In this place worke a quicke sand,
And over it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship plowing it, and then a feare.
Doe that feare to the life wench.

Ant. Twill wrong the storie.

Asp. Twill make the story wrong'd by wanton Poets,
Live long and be bekev'd; but wheres the Lady?

Ant. There Madame.

Asp. Fie, you have mist it heere *Antiphila*,
You are much mistaken wench;
These colours are not dull and pale enough,
To shew a soule so full of misery

The Maides Tragedie.

As this sad Ladies was, doe it by me,
Doe it againe, by me the lost *Aspasia*,
And you shall find all true but the wilde Iland,
I stand upon the sea breach now, and thinke
Mine armes thus, and mine haire blowne with the wind,
Wilde as that desert, and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken, doe my face
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, *Antiphila* strive to make me looke
Like sorrowes monument, and the trees about me
Let them be dry and leavelesse, let the rocks
Groane with continuall surges, and behind me
Make all a desolation, looke, looke wenches,
A miserable life of this poore picture.

Olim. Deere Madame.

Asp. I have done, sit downe, and let us
Vpon that point fixe all our eyes, that point there;
Make a dull silence till you feele a sudden sadnesse,
Give us new soules.

Enter Calianax.

Cal. The King may doe this, and he may not doe it,
My child is wrong'd, disgrac'd: well, how now huswives?
What at your ease? is this a time to sit still? up you yong
Lazie whores, up or else swenge you.

Olim. Nay good my Lord.

Cal. You'll lie downe shortly, get you in and worke,
What are you growne so ready? you want beares,
We shall have some of the Court boyes doe that office.

Ant. My Lord, we doe no more then we are charg'd:
It is the Ladies pleasure we be thus ingriefe,
Shee is forsaken.

Cal. There's a rogue too,
A yong dissembling slave, well, get you in,
Ile have about with that boy, tis high time
Now to be valiant, I confesse my youth
Was never prone that way: what, made an asse?
A court stale? well I will be valiant,
And beate some dozen of these whelps, I will, and theres

Another

The Maides Tragedie.

Another of 'em, a trim cheating souldier,
He maule that rascall, has out-brav'd me twice,
But now I thank the Gods I am valiant,
Goe, get you in, Ile take a course withall. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Cleon, Strato, Diphilos.

C L E. Your sister is not up yet.

Diph. Oh, brides must take their mornings rest,
The night is troublesome.

Stra. But not tedious.

(night

Diph. What odds, he has not my sisters maiden-head to

Stra. No, its odds against any bridegroom living, he nere
gets it while he lives.

Diph. Y'are merry with my sister, you'le please to allow
me the same freedome with your mother.

Stra. Shees at your service.

Diph. Then shees merry enough of her selfe, shee needs
no tickling, knocke at the dore.

Stra. We shall interrupt them.

Diph. No matter, they have the yeere before them,
Good morrow sister, spare your selfe to day, the night will
come againe.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. Who's there, my brother? I am no readier yet,
your sister is but now up.

Diph. You looke as you had lost your eyes to night, I
thinke you ha not slept.

Amin. Ifaith I have not.

Diph. You have done better then.

Amin. We ventured for a boy, when he is twelve,
A shall command against the foes of *Rhodes*,
Shall we be merry?

Stra. You cannot, you want sleepe.

Amin. Tis true, but she

aside.

The Maides Tragedie.

As if she had drunke *Lethe*, or had made
Even with heauen, did fetch so still a sleepe,
So sweete and sound.

Diph. Whats that?

Amin. Your sister frets this morning, and does turne
her eyes upon mee, as people on their headsmen, shee does
chafe, and kisse, and chafe againe, and clap my cheekes, shees
n another world.

Diph. Then I had lost, I was about to lay, you had not
got her maiden head to night.

Amin. Ha, he does not mocke me, y'ad lost indeed,
I doe not use to bungle.

Clea. You doe deserve her.

Amin. I laid my lips to hers, and what wild breath
That was so rude and rough to me, last night *aside*
Was sweet as Aprill, Ile be guilty too,
If these be the effects

Enter Melantius.

Mel. Goodday *Aminator*, for to me the name
Of brother is too distant, we are friends,
And that is nearer.

Amin. Deare *Melantius*,
Let mee behold thee, is it possible?

Mel. What sudden gaze is this?

Amin. Tis wondrous strange.

Mel. Why does thine eye desire so strict a view
Of that it knowes so well? ther's nothing heere
That is nor thine.

Amin. I wonder much *Melantius*,
To see those noble lookes that make me think
How vertuous thou art, and on the sudden
Tis strange to me, thou shouldst have worth and honour,
Or not be base and false, and trecherous,
And every ill. But

Mel. Stay, stay my friend,
If it are this sound will not become our loves, no more em-

Amin. Oh mistake me not, *(brace me.*
I know thee to be full of all those deeds,

That

The Maides Tragedie.

That we feele men call good, but by the course
Of nature thou shouldst be as quickly chang'd
As are the windes, dissembling, as the sea,
That now weares browes as smooth as virgines be,
Tempting the Merchant to invade his face,
And in an houre calls his billowes up,
And shoots 'em at the Sun, destroying all
A carries on him, O how neere am I *aside.*
To utter my sick thoughts!

Mel. But why, my friend, should I be so by nature?

Ami. I have wed thy sifter, who hath vertuous thoughts
Enough for one whole family, and it is strange
That you should feele no want.

Mel. Believe me, this is complement too cunning for me.

Dip. What should I be then by the course of nature,
They having both rob'd me of so much vertue?

Stra. O call the bride, my Lord *Amintor*, that wee may
see her blush, and turne her eyes downe, it is the prettiest
sport.

Amin. Euadne.

Euad. My Lord,

Wishin.

Amin. Come forth my love,
Your brothers do attend to wish you joy,

Euad. I am not ready yet.

Amin. Enough, enough.

Euad. They'le mocke me.

Amin. Faith thou shalt come in.

Enter Euadne.

Mel. Good morrow sifter, he that understands
Whom you have wed, need not to wish you joy,
You have enough, take heed you be not proud.

Diph. O sifter, what have you done?

Euad. I done, why what have I done?

Stra. My Lord *Amintor* sweares you are no mayd now.

Euad. Pish.

Stra. I faith he does.

Euad. I knew I should be mockt.

Diph. With a truth.

The Maides Tragedie.

Euad. If twere to doe againe, in faith I would not marry.

Amin. Nor I by heaven.

aside.

Dip. Sister, *Dula* swears she heard you cry two roomes off.

Euad. Fie how you talke.

Dipb. Lets see you walke.

Euad. By my trothy'are spoild.

Mel. Amintor.

Amin. Ha.

Mel. Thou art sad.

Amin. Who I? I thanke you for that, shall *Diphilw* thou and I sing a catch?

Mel. How?

Amin. Prethee lets.

Mel. Nay, thats too much the other way.

Amin. I am so lightned with my happinesse: how dost thou love? kisse me.

Euad. I cannot love you, you tell tales of me.

Amin. Nothing but what becomes us: Gentlemen,

Would you had all such wives and all the world,

That I might be no wonder, y'are all sad;

What doe you envie me? I walke me thinkes

On water, and nere sinke I am so light.

Mel. Tis well you are so.

Amin. Well? how can I be other when she lookes thus? Is there no musicke there? lets dance.

Mel. Why? this is strange, *Amintor.*

Amin. I do not know my self, yet I could wish my joy were

Dip. Ile marry too, if it will make one thus.

(leffe.

Euad. *Amintor*, harke.

aside.

Amin. What Lyes my love? I must obey.

Euad. You doe it fearfully, twill be perceiv'd,

Cle. My Lord; the King is here.

Enter King and Lissa.

Amin. VVhere?

Sirs. And his brother.

King. Good morrow all.

Amintor. joy, on joy fall thick upon thee;

And Madam; you are altered since I saw you;

I must salute you, you are now anothers,

How lik't you your nights rest?

Euad. Ill Sir.

Amin. I deed shee tooke but little.

Isf.

The Maides Tragedie.

Lis. You'le let her take more, and chanke her too shortly.

King. *Aminor* wert thou truly honest till thou wert

Amin. Yes sir. (married?)

King. Tell me then, how shewes the sport unto thee?

Amin. VVhy well. *King.* VVhat did you doe?

Amin. No more nor lesse than other couples use,

You know what tis, it has but a course name.

King. But pre hee, I should think by her blacke eye,
And her red cheeke, she should be quick and stirring
In this same businesse, ha?

Amin. I cannot tell, I nere tride other sir, but I perceiue
She is as quick as you delivered.

King. VVell, youle trust me then *Aminor*,
To choose a wife for you agen.

Amin. No never sir.

King. VVhy? like you this so ill?

Amin. So well I like her.

For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,
And unto heaven will pay my gratefull tribute
Hourely, and doe hope wee shall draw out
A long contented life together here,
And dye both full of gray haire in one day,
For which the thanks is yours, but if the powers
That rule us, please to call her first away,
Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife
VVorthie to take her roome.

King. I doe not like this; all forbear the roome
But you *Aminor* and your Lady, I have some speech with
you, that may concerne your after living well.

Amin. A will not tell me that he lies with her: if he doe,
Something heavenly stay my heart, for I shall be apt
To thrust this arme of mine to acts unlawfull.

King. You will suffer me to talke with her *Aminor*,
And not have a jealous pang.

Amin. Sir, I dare trust my wife
With whom she dares to talke, and not be jealous.

King. How doe you like *Aminor*?

The Maides Tragedie.

Euad. As I did fir. *King.* How's that?

Euad. As one that to fulfill your will and pleasure,
I have given leave to call me wife and love,

King. I see there is no lasting faith in sin,
They that breake word with heaven, will break again
With all the world, and so dost thou with me.

Euad. How fir?

King. This subtile womans ignorance
Will not excuse you, thou hast taken oathes
So great, me thought they did not well become
A womans mouth, that thou wouldst yet enjoy
a man but me.

Euad. I never did sweare so, you doe me wrong.

King. Day and night have heard it.

Euad. I swore indeed that I would never love
A man of lower place; but if your fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bade you trust
I would forsake you, and would bend to him
That won your throne, I love with my ambition,
Not with my eyes, but if I ever yet
Toucht any other, Leprous light here
Upon my face, which for your royalty
I would not staine.

King. Why thou dissemblest, and it is in mee
To punish thee.

Euad. Why, it is in me then, not to love you, which will
More afflict your body, than your punishment can mine.

King. But thou hast let *Amur* lye with thee.

Euad. I cannot.

King. Impudence, he sayes himselfe so.

Euad. A liss. *King.* A does not.

Euad. By this light hee does, strangely and basely, and
He prove it so, I did not onely shun him for a night,
But told him, I would never close with him.

King. Speake lower, tis false.

Euad. I am no man to answer with a blow, (true)
Or it I were, you are the King, but urge mee not, tis most
King

The Maides Tragedie.

King. Doe not I know the uncontrouled thoughts
That you bring with him, when his blood is high,
With expectation and desire of that
He long hath waited for? is not his foire
Though he be temperate; of a valliant line,
As his our age hath known? what could he doe
If such a sudden speech had met his blood,
But ruine thee for ever? if he had not kild thee,
He could not beare it thus, he is as we
Or any other wrong'd man.

Eua. It is dissembling.

King. Take him, fare well, henceforth I am thy foe,
And what disgraces I can blot thee with, looke for.

Eua. Stay fir; *Aminor*, you shall heare *Aminor*.

Amin. What my love?

Eua. *Aminor*, thou hast an ingenious looke,
And shouldst be vertuous, it amazeth me,
That thou canst make such base malicious lies.

Amin. What my deare wife?

Eua. Deare wife? I doe despise thee,
Why nothing can be safer than to loe
Dissention amongst lovers.

Amin. Lovers? who?

Eua. The king and me.

Amin. O heaven!

Eua. Who should live long and love without distast,
Were it not for such pickthankes as thy selfe.
Did you lye with me? sweare now, and be punisht in hell
For this.

Amin. The faithlesse sin I made
To faire *Asparis*, is not yet reveng'd,
It followes me, I will not loose a word
To this wilde woman, but to you my King,
The anguish of my soule thrusts out this truth,
Y'are a tyrant, and not so much to wrong
An honest man thus, as to take a pride
In talking with him of it.

The Maides Tragedie.

Enad. Now fir, see how lowd this fellow lied.

Amin. You that can know to wrong, should know how
Men must right themselves : what punishment is due
From me to him that shall abuse my bed?

It is not death, nor can that satisfie,
Unlesse I send your lives through all the land,
To shew how nobly I have freed my selfe.

King. Draw not thy sword, thou knowst I cannot feare
A subjects hand; but thou shalt feele the weight of this
If thou doest rage.

Amin. The weight of that ?

If you have any worth, for heavens sake thinke

I feare not swords, for as you are meeke man,

I dare as easily kill you for this deed,

As you dare thinke to doe it; but there is

Divinitie about you, that strikes dead

My rising passions : as you are my King

I fall before you, and present my sword

To cut mine owne flesh, if it be your will.

Alas! I am nothing but a multitude

Of walking griefes; yet should I murder you,

I might before the world take the excuse

Of madnesse: for compare my injuries,

And they will well appeare too sad a weight

For reason to endure; but fall I first

Amongst my sorrowes, ere my treacherous hand

Touch holy things: but why? I know not what

I have to say, why did you choose out me

To make thus wretched? there were thousands fooles

Easie to work on, and of state enough

Within the Iland.

Enad. I would not have a foole, it were no credit for me.

Amin. Worse and worse:

Thou that dar'st talke unto thy husband thus,

Professe thy selfe a whore; and more then so,

Resolve to be so still, it is my fate

To beare and bow beneath a thousand griefes,

The Maides Tragedie.

To keep that little credit with the world. (ther.

But there were wise ones too, you might have tane ano-

King. No, for I believe thee honest, as thou wert valiant.

Amin. All the happinesse

Bestow'd upon me, turnes into disgrace,

God take your honesty againe, for I

Am loaden with it, good my Lord the King

Be private in it.

King. Thou mayst live *Aminator*,

Bec as thy King, if thou wilt wink at this,

And be a meanes that we may meet in secret.

Amin. A band, hold, hold my breast, a bitter curse:

Seize me, if I forget not all respects

That are religious, on another word

Sounded like that, and through a sea of finnes

Will wade to my revenge, though I should call

Paines here, and after life, upon my soule.

King. Well, I am resolute you lay not with her,

And so I leave you.

Exit King.

Enad. You must be prating, and see what followes.

Amin. Prethe vex me not,

Leave me, I am afraid some sudden start

Will pull a murder on me.

Enad. I am gone, I love my life well.

Exit Enad.

Amin. I hate mine as much.

This tis to break a troth, I should be glad,

If all this tide of griefe would make me mad.

Exit.

Enter Melantius.

Mel. Ie know the cause of all *Aminators* griefes,
Or friendship shall be idle.

Enter Calianax.

Cal. O *Melantius*, my daughter will dye.

Mel. Trust me, I am sorry, would thou hadst tane her room.

Cal. Thou art a slave, a cut-throat slave, a bloody treacherous slave.

Mel. Take heed old man, thou wilt be heard to rave,

And lose thine Offices.

Cal. I am valiant growne,

At

The Maides Tragedie.

At all these yeares, and thou art but a slave.

Mel. Leave, some company will come, and I respect
Thy yeares, not thee so much, that I could wish
To laugh at thee alone.

Cal. Ile spoyle your mirth, I meane to fight with thee,
There lye my cloake, this was my fathers sword,
And he durst fight, are you prepar'd?

Mel. Why? wilt thou doate thy selfe out of thy life?
Hence, get thee to bed, have carefull looking to, and este
warne things, and trouble not mee: my head is full of
thoughts, more weighty than thy life or death can be.

Cal. You have a name in warre, where you stand safe
Amongst a multitude, but I will try
What you dare doe unto a weake old man
In single fight, you'll give ground I feare:
Come draw.

Mel. I will not draw, unlesse thou pulst thy death
Upon thee with a stroke, theres no one blow
That thou canst give, hath strength enough to kill me.
Tempt me not to faine then, the power of earth
Shall not redeeme thee.

Cal. I must let him alone,
Hee's stout, and able, and so say the truth,
How ever I may set a face, and talke,
I am not valiant: when I was a youth
I kept my credit with a restie trick I had,
Amongst cowards, but durst never fight.

Mel. I will not promise to preserve your life if you doe
stay.


Cal. I would give halfe my land that I durst fight with
that proud man a little: if I had men to hold him, I would
beat him till he aske me mercie.

Mel. Sir, will you be gone?

Cal. I dare not stay, but I will goe home, and beate my
servants all over for this.

Exit Calianax.

Mel. This old fellow haunts me,
But the distracted carriage of mine *Aminator*

 Takes

The Maides Tragedie.

Takes deeply on me, I will finde the cause,
If eare his conscience cries, he wrong'd *Aspatia*.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. Mens eyes are not so subtile to perceive
My inward misery, I beare my grieve
Hid from the world, how art thou wretched then?
For ought I know, all husbands are like me,
And every one I talke with of his wife,
Is but a well dissembler of his woes
As I am, would I knew it, for the rarenesse
Afflicts me now.

Mel. *Amintor*, we have not enioy'd our friendship of late,
for we were wont to charge our soule in talke.

Amin. *Melantius*, I can tell thee a good iest of *Strato*
and a Lady the last day.

Mel. How wast?

Amin. Why such an odde one.

Mel. I have longd to speake with you, not of an idle
iest that's forc'd, but of matter you are bound to utter
to mee.

Amin. What is that my friend?

Mel. I have observ'd, your words fall from your tongue
Wildly, and all your carriage
Like one that strove to shew his merry mood,
When he were ill dispos'd: you were not wont
To put such scorne into your speech, or weare
Vpon your face ridiculous iollitie:
Some sadnesse sits here, which your cunning would
Cover ore with smiles, and twill not be?
What is it?

Amin. A sadnesse here? what cause
Can fate provide for me, to make me so?
Am I not lov'd through all this Isle? the King
Raines greatnesse on me: have I not received
A Lady to my bed, that in her eie
Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender cheekes,
Inevitable colour, in her heart

F

A prison

The Maides Tragedie.

A prison for all vertue, are not you,
Which is above all ioyes, my constant friend?
What sadnesse can I have? no I am light,
And feele the courses of my blood more warme
And stirring then they were; faith mary too,
And you will feele so unexpressed a ioy
In chaste embraces, that you will indeed
Appeare another.

Mel. You may shape, *Amintor*,
Causes to cozen the whole world withall,
And your selfe too, but tis not like a friend,
To hide your soule from me: tis not your nature
To be thus idle, I have seene you stand
As you were blasted, midst of all your mirth,
Call thrice aloud, and then start, faining ioy
So coldly: world! what doe I here? a friend
Is nothing: heaven! I would ha told that man
My secret sinnes, Ile search an unknowne land,
And there plant friendship, all is withered here,
Come with a complement, I would have fought,
Or told my friend a lied, ere soothd him so;
Out of my bosome.

Amin. But there is nothing.

Mel. Worse and worse, farewell;
From this time have acquaintance, but no friend.

Amin. *Melantius*, stay, you shall know what that is.

Mel. See how you playd with friendship, beadvise'd
How you give cause unto your selfe to say,
You ha lost a friend.

Amin. Forgive what I have done,
For I am so ore-gone with injuries
Vnheard of, that I lose consideration
Of what I ought to doe, —oh—oh—

Mel. Doe not weepe, what ist?
May I once but know the man
Hath turnd my friend thus?

Amin. I had spoke at first, but that.

Mel.

The Maides Tragedie.

Mel. But what?

Amin. I held it most unfit
For you to know, faith doe not know it yet.

Mel. Thou see'st my love, that will keepe company
With thee in teares; hide nothing then from me,
For when I know the cause of thy distemper,
With mine owne armour ile adorne my selfe,
My resolution, and cut through thy foes,
Vnto thy quiet, till I place thy heart
As peaceable as spotlesse innocence
What is it?

Amin. Why tis this, — it is too bigge
To get out let my teares make way awhile.

Mel. Punish me strangely heaven, if he scape
Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this.

Amin. Your sister.

Mel. Well sayd.

Amin. You'l wish't unknowne when you have heard it.

Mel. No.

Amin. Is much to blame,
And to the King has given her honour up,
And lives in whoredome with him.

Mel. How's this?
Thou art run mad with injury indeed,
Thou couldst not utter this else, speake againe,
For I forgive it freely, tell thy griefes.

Amin. Shees wanton, I am loth to say a whore,
Though it be true.

Mel. Speake yet againe, before mine anger grow
Vp beyond throwing downe, what are thy griefes?

Amin. By all our friendship, these.

Mel. What? am I tame?
After mine actions, shall the name of friend
Blot all our family, and strike the brand
Of whore upon my sister unreveng'd?
My shaking flesh be thou a witness for me,
With what unwillingnesse I goe to scourge

The Maides Tragedie.

This rayler, whom my folly hath cald friend ;
I will not take thee basely, thy sword
Hangs neere thy hand, draw it, that I may whip
Thy rashnesse to repentance, draw thy sword.

Amin. Not on thee, did thine anger swell as he
As the wilde surges: thou shouldst doe me ease,
Here, and eternally, if thy noble hand
Would cut me from my sorrows.

Mel. This is base,
And fearefull, they that use to utter lies,
Provide not blowes, but words to qualifie
The men they wrongd; thou hast a guilty cause.

Amin. Thou pleasest me, for so much more like this,
Will raise my anger up above my griefes,
Which is a passion easier to be borne,
And I shall then be happy.

Mel. Take then more, to raise thine anger. [¶] Tis mee re
Cowardise makes thee not draw, and I will leave thee dead.
How ever, but if thou art so much prest
With guilt and feare, as not to dare to fight,
He make thy memory loath'd, and fixe a scandall
Upon thy name for ever.

Amin. Then I draw,
As iustly as our Magistrates their swords
To cut offenders off; I knew before
T would grate your eares, but it was base in you
To urge a waightry secret from your friend,
And then rage at it, I shall be at ease
If I be kild, and if you fall by me,
I shall not long out live you.

Mel. Stay awhile,
The name of friend is more then family,
Or all the world besides; I was a foole.
Thou searching humane nature, that didst wake
To doe me wrong, thou art inquisitive,
And thrust'st me upon questions that will take
My sleepe away, would I had died ere knowne

The Maides Tragedie.

This sad dishonor, pardon mee my friend,
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithfull heart,
Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand
To thine, behold the power thou hast in me,
I do believe my sister is a whore,
A leprous one, put up thy sword yong man.

Amin. How should I beare it then she being so?
I feare my friend that you will lose me shortly,
And I shall doe a foule act on my selfe
Through these disgraces.

Mel. Better halfe the land
Were buried quick together, no, *Amin* it,
Thou shalt have ease: O this adultrous King
That drew her too't, where got he the spirit
To wrong me so?

Amin. What is it then to me,
If it be wrong to you?

Mel. Why not so much: the credit of our house
Is throwne away,
But from his iron den I'le waken death;
And hurle him on this King, my honesty
Shall steele my sword, and on its horrid point
Ile weare my cause, that shall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be too glittering
For him to looke on.

Amin. I have quite undone my fame.

Mel. Drie up thy watry eyes,
And cast a manly looke upon my face,
For nothing is so wilde as I thy friend
Till I have freed thee, still this swelling brest;
I goe thus from thee, and will never cease
My vengeance, till I finde my heart at peace.

Amin. It must not be so, stay, mine eyes would tell
How loth I am to this, but love and teares
Leaveme a while, for I have hazarded
All that this world calls happy, thou hast wrought
A secret from me under name of friend,

The Maides Tragedie.

Which Art could nere have found, nor torture wrung
From out my bosome, give it me agen,
For I will find it wheresoere it lies
Hid in the mortal'it part, invent a way
To give it backe.

Mel. Why would you have it backe?
I will to death pursue him with revenge.

Amin. Therefore I call it backe from thee, for I know
Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stirre in this, and shame me
to posterity: take to thy weapon.

Mel. Heare thy friend, that beares more yeares then

Amin. I will not heare: but draw, or I ——— (thou.

Mel. *Amin.* *Amintor.*

Amin. Draw then, for I am full as resolute
As fame and honour can inforce me be,
I cannot linger, draw.

Mel. I doe ——— but is not
My share of credit equall with thine,
If I doe stirre?

Amin. No; for it will be cald
Honor in thee to spill thy sisters blood,
If she her birth abuse, and on the King
A brave revenge: but on me that have walkt
With patience in it, it will fixe the name
Of fearefull cuckold, ——— O that word! be quicke.

Mel. Then ioyne with me.

Amin. I dare not doe a siane, or else I would: be speedy.

Mel. Then dare not fight with me, for that's a sin.
His grieve distracts him, call thy thoughts agen,
And to thy selfe pronounce the name of friend,
And see what that will worke, I will not fight.

Amin. You must.

Mel. I will be kild first, though my passions
Offered the like to you, tis not this earth
Shall buy my reason to it, thinke a while,
For you are (I must weeps when I speake that)
Almost besides your selfe.

Amin. Oh my soft temper,

The Maides Tragedie.

So many sweet words from thy sisters mouth,
I am afraid would make me take her

To embrace, and pardon her, I am mad indeed,
And know not what I doe, yet have a care
Of me in what thou doest.

(save

Mel. Why thinks my friend I will forget his honor, or to
The bravery of our house, will lose his fame,
And feare to touch the throne of Majestie?

Amin. A curse will follow that, but rather live
And suffer with me.

Mel. I will doe what worth shall bid me, and no more.

Amin. Faith I am sicke, and desperatly I hope,
Yet leaning thus I feele a kinde of ease.

Mel. Come take agen your mirth about you.

Amin. I shall never do't.

Mel. I warrant you, looke up, weele walke together,
Put thine arme here, all shall be well agen.

Amin. Thy love, O wretched, I thy love Melantius, why
I have nothing else.

Mel. Be merry then.

Exeunt. Enter Melantius agen.

Mel. This worthy yong man may doe violence
Vpon himsele, but I have cherisht him,
To my best power, and sent him smiling from me
To counterfeite againe, sword hold thine edge,
My heart will never faile me: *Diphilus,*
Thou comst as sent.

Enter Diphilus.

Diph. Yonder has beene such laughing.

Mel. Betwixt whom?

Diph. Why our sister and the King,
I thought their spleenes would break,
They laught us all out of the roome.

Mel. They must weepe *Diphilus,*

Diph. Must they?

Mel. They must: thou art my brother, and if I did believe
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durst.

Diph. You should not, I would first mangle my selfe,
and

The Maides Tragedie.

and find it.

Mel. That was spoke according to our straine, come,
Ioyne thy hands to mine,
And sweare a firmenesse to what proiect I
Shall lay before thee.

Dipb. You doe wrong us both,
People hereafter shall not say there past
A bond more then our loves to tie our lives
And deaths together.

Mel. It is as nobly said as I would wish,
Anon Ile tell you wonders, we are wrong'd.

Dipb. But I will tell you now, wee le right o nr selves.

Mel. Stay not, prepare the armour in my house,
And what friends you can draw unto our side,
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too,
Haste *Dipbilus*, the time requires it, haste. *Exit Dipbilus.*

I hope my cause is iust, I know my blood

Tels me it is, and I will credit it :

To take revenge and lose my selfe withall,

Were idle, and to scape impossible,

Without I had the fort, which miserie

Remaining in the hands of my old enemy

Clianax, but I must have it, see *Enter Calianax.*

Where he comes shaking by me : good my Lord

Forget your spleene to me, I never wrong'd you,

But would have peace with every man.

Cal. Tis well;

If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.

Mel. Y'are touchie without all cause.

Cal. Doe, mocke me.

Mel. By mine honour I speake truth.

Cal. Honor? where ist?

Mel. See what starts you make into your hatred to my
love and freedom to you.

I come with resolution to obtaine a sure
Of you.

Cal. A sure of me? tis very like it should be granted fir.

Mel.

The Maides Tragedie.

Mel. Nay, goe not hence,
Tis this, you have the keeping of the Fort,
And I would wish you by the love you ought
To beare unto me, to deliver it
Into my hands.

Cal. I am in hope thou art mad, to talke to me thus.

Mel. But there is a reason to move you to it, I would kill
the king that wrong'd you and your daughter.

Cal. Out traitor.

Mel. Nay but stay, I cannot scape, the deed once done,
Without I have this fort.

Cal. And should I helpe thee? now thy treacherous
minde betrayes it selfe.

Mel. Come, delay me not,
Give me a sudden answer, or already
Thy last is spoke, refuse not offered love,
When it comes clad in secrets.

Cal. If I say I will not, he will kill me, I doe see't writ
In his looks; and should I say I will, hee'l run and tell the
King: I doe not shun your friendship deare *Melantius*,
But this cause is weighty, give me but an houre to thinke.

Mel. Take it, ——— I know this goes unto the king,
But I am arm'd.

Exit Melantius.

Cal. Me thinkes I feele my selfe
But twenty now agen, this fighting foole
Wants pollicie, I shall revenge my girle,
And make her red againe, I pray, my legges
Will last that pace that I will carry them,
I shall want breath before I finde the King.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Melantius, Euadne, and a Lady.

M *Elant.* Save you.

Euad. Save you sweet brother.

G

Mel.

The Maides Tragedie.

Mel. In my blant eye me thinkes you looke *Euadne.*

Euad. Come, you would make me blush.

Mel. I would *Euadne*, I shall displease my ends else.

Euad. You shall if you command me, I am bashfull,
Come sir, how doe I looke?

Mel. I would not have your women heare me
Breake into commendation of you, tis not seemly.

Euad. Goe waite me in the gallery, — now speake.

Mel. Ile locke the dore first, *Exeunt Ladies.*

Euad. Why?

Mel. I will not have your gilded things that dance
In visitation with their Mullan skins
Choke up my businesse.

Euad. You are strangely dispos'd sir.

Mel. Good Madam, not to make you merry.

Euad. No, if you praise me, twill make me sad.

Mel. Such a sad commendations I have for you.

Euad. Brother, the Court has made you wittie,
And learne to riddle.

Mel. I praise the Court for't, has it learned you nothing?

Euad. Me?

Mel. I *Euadne*, thou art young and handsome,
A Lady of a sweet complexion,
And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot
Chuse but inflame a kingdome.

Euad. Gentle brother.

Mel. Tis yet in thy remembrance foolish woman,
To make me gentle.

Euad. How is this?

Mel. Tis base,
And I could blush at these yeares, thorough all
My honourd scarres, so come to such a parly.

Euad. I understand you not.

Mel. You dare not foole,
They that commit thy faults, fly the remembrance.

Euad. My faults sir, I would have you know I care not
If they were written here, here in my forehead.

Mel.

The Maides Tragedie.

Mel. Thy body is too little for the story,
The lusts of which would fill another woman,
Though shee had twins within her.

Euad. This is faucie,
Looke you intrude no more, there lyes your way.

Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee,
Till I finde truth out.

Euad. What truth is that you looke for?

Mel. Thy long lost honour: would the gods had set me
Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand
One of their lowdest bolts, come tell me quickly,
Doe it without enforcement, and take heed
You swell me not above my temper.

Euad. How sir? where got you this report?

Mel. Where there was people, in every place.

Euad. They and the seconds of it are base people,
Believe them not, they lied.

Mel. Doe not play with mine anger, doe not wretch,
I come to know that desperate foole that drew thee
From thy faire life, be wise, and lay him open.

Euad. Unhand me, and learne manners, such another
Forgetfulnesse forfets your life.

Mel. Quench me this mighty humour, and then tell me
Whose whore you are, for you are one, I know it,
Let all mine honours perish but Ile finde him,
Though he lye lockt up in thy bloud, be sudden,
There is no facing it, and be not flattered,
The burnt aire when the *Dog* reignes, is not fouler
Than thy contagious name, till thy repentance
(If the gods grant thee any) purge thy sicknesse.

Euad. Be gone, you are my brother, that's your safetie.

Mel. Ile be a wolfe first, tis to be thy brother
An infamy below the sin of coward:
I am as farre from being part of thee,
As thou art from thy vertue, seeke a kindred
Mongst such small beasts, and make a goat thy brother,
A goat is cooler; will you tell me yet?

The Maides Tragedie.

Euad. If you stay here and raile thus, I shall tell you,
Ile ha you whipt, get you to your command,
And there preach to your Centinels,
And tell them what a brave man you are, I shall laugh at you.

Mel. Y^e are growne a glorious whore, where be your
Fighters? what mortall foole durst raise thee to this daring,
And I live? by my iust sword, ha'd safer
Bestride a billow when the angry North
Plowes up the sea, or made heavens fire his food;
Worke me no higher, will you discover yet?

Euad. The fellow's mad, sleepe and speake sense.

Mel. Force my swolne heart no further, I would save
thee, your grea maintainers are not here, they dare not,
would they were all, and armed, I would speake lowd, here's
one should thunder to'em: will you tell me? thou hast no
hope to scape, he that dares most, and dams away his soule
to doe thee service, will sooner terch meat from a hungry
Lyon, than come to rescue thee; thou hast death about thee:
has undone thine honour, poyson'd thy verue, and of a
lovely rose, left thee a canker.

Euad. Let me consider.

Mel. Doe, whose childe thou wert,
Whose honour thou hast murdered, whose grave open'd
And so puld on the gods, that in their iustice
They must restore him flesh agen and life,
And raise his dry bones to revenge this scandall.

Euad. The gods are not of my minde, they had better
Let 'em ly sweet still in the earth, they'll sinke here.

Mel. Doe y^e raise much out of my easinesse?
For sake me then all weaknesse of nature,
That make men women, speake you whore, speake truth,
Or by the deare soule of thy sleeping father,
This sword shall be thy lover, tell, or Ile kill thee,
And when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserve it.

Euad. You will not murder me.

Mel. No, tis a iustice, and a noble one,
To put the light out of such base offenders.

Euad.

The Maides Tragedie.

Euad. Helpe.

Mel. By thy foule selfe, no humane helpe shall helpe thee,
If thou criest, when I have kild thee, as I have
Vow'd to doe, if thou confesse not, naked as thou hast left
Thine honour, will I leave thee,
That on thy branded flesh the world may read
Thy blacke shame and my justice, wilt thou bend yet?

Euad. Yes.

Mel. Up and begin your storie.

Euad. Oh I am miserable.

Mel. Tis true, thou art, speake truth still.

Euad. I have offended, noble Sir, forgive me.

Mel. With what secur slave?

Euad. Do not aske me sir,
Mine owne remembrance is a misery
Too mightie for me.

Mel. Doe not fall backe againe, my sword's unsheathed yet.

Euad. What shall I doe?

Mel. Be true, and make your fault lesse.

Euad. I dare not tell.

Mel. T. ll, or Ile be this day a killing thee.

Euad. Will you forgive me then?

Mel. Stay, I must aske mine honour first, I have too much
foolish nature in me, speake.

Euad. Is there none else here?

Mel. None but a fearfull conscience, thats too many
Who ist?

Euad. O heare me gently, it was the king.

Mel. No more. My worthy fathers and my services
Are liberally rewarded: King I thanke thee,
For all my dangers and my wounds, thou hast paid me
In my owne mettall: these are souldiers thanks,
How long have you liv'd thus *Euadne*?

Euad. Too long.

Mel. Too late you finde it, can you be sorry?

Euad. Would I were halfe as blamelesse.

Mel. *Euadne*, thou wilt to thy trade againe.

The Maides Tragedie.

Euad. First to my grave.

Mel. Would gods th'hadst been so blest:
Dost thou not hate this King now? prethe hate him.
Couldst thou not curse him? I command thee curse him,
Curse till the gods heare, and deliver him
To thy just wishes; yet I feare *Euadne*,
You had rather play your game out.

Euad. No, I feele
Too many sad confusions here to let in
Any loose flame hereafter.

Mel. Dost thou not feele amongst all those one brave
That breakes out nobly, and directs thine arme
To kill this base King? (anger

Euad. All the gods forbid it.

Mel. No, all the gods require it, they are dishonored in him.

Euad. Tis too fearfull.

Mel. Yare valiant in his bed, and bold enough
To be a stale whore, and have your Madams name
Discourse for groomes and pages, and hereafter
When his coole Majesty hath layd you by
To be at pension with some needy Sir
For meat and courser clothes, thus far you know no feare,
Come you shall kill him.

Euad. Good sir.

Mel. And were to kisse him dead, thou'dst smother him;
Be wise and kill him: Canst thou live and know
What noble mindes shall make thee see thy selfe
Found out with every finger,, made the shame
Of all successions, and in this great ruine
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?
Thou shalt not live thus, kneele and sweare to helpe me
When I shall call thee to it, or by all
Holy in heaven and earth, thou shalt not live
To breath a full houre longer, not a thought:
Come tis a righteous oath, give me thy hand,
And both to heaven held up, sweare by that weakh
This lustfull thiefe stole from thee, when I say it,

The Maides Tragedie.

To let his foule soule out.

Euad. Here I sweare it,
And all you spirits of abused Ladies
Helpe me in this performance.

Mel. Enough, this must be knowne to none
But you and I *Euadne*, not to your Lord,
Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow
Dares step as farre into a worthy action,
As the most daring, I as farte as justice.
Aske me not why. Farewell.

Exit Mel.

Euad. Would I could say so to my black disgrace,
Oh where have I been all this time! how friended,
That I should lose my selfe thus desperately,
And none for pittie shew me how I wandred?
There is not in the compasse of the light
A more unhappy creature, sure I am monstrous,
For I have done those follies, those mad mischiefes,
Would dare a woman. O my loaden soule,
Be not so cruell to me, choake not up *Enter Amintor.*
The way to my repentance. O my Lord.

Amin. How now?

Euad. My much abused Lord.

Kneels.

Amin. This cannot be.

Euad. I doe not kneele to live, I dare not hope it,
The wrongs I did are greater, looke upon me
Though I appeare with all my faults.

Amin. Stand up.

This is no new way to beget more sorrow,
Heaven knowes I have too many, doe not mocke mee,
Though I am tame, & bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leape
Like a hand-wolfe into my naturall wildnesse,
And doe an out-rage, prethee doe not mock me.

Euad. My whole life is so leprous, it infects
All my repentance, I would buy your pardon
Though at the highest set, even with my life,
That fligh contrition, thats; no sacrifice

For

The Maides Tragedie.

For what I have committed.

Amin. Sure Idazle.

There cannot be a faith in that foule woman
That knowes no God more mighty than her mischiefs,
Thou dost still worst, still number on thy faules,
To presse my poore heart thus. Can I believe
Theres any seed of vertue in that woman
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sinne
Knowne and so knowne as thine is, *O Euadne?*
Would there were any safety in thy sex,
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,
And credit thy repentance, but I must not,
Thou hast brought me to that doll calamity,
To that strange misbeliefe of all the world,
And all things that are in it, that I feare
I shall fall like a tree, and finde my grave,
Onely remembring that I grieve.

Euad. My Lord,

Give me your griefes, you are an innocent,
A soule as white as heaven, let not my sinnes
Perish your noble youth, I doe not fall here
To shadow by dissembling with my teares,
As all say women can, or to make lesse
What my hot will hath done, which heaven and you
Knowes to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from mans remembrance, no I doe not,
I doe appeare the same, the same *Euadne*,
Drest in the shames I liv'd in, the same monster.
But these are names of honor, to what I am,
I doe present my selfe the foulest creature,
Most poisonous, dangerous, and despis'd of men,
Lerna ere bred, or *Nilus*, I am hell,
Till you, my deare Lord, shoot your light into me,
The beames of your forgivenessse, I am soule-sicke,
And wither with the feare of one condemn'd
Till I have got your pardon.

Amin. Rise *Euadne*.

Those

The Maides Tragedie.

Those heavenly powers that put this good into thee
Grant a continuance of it, I forgive thee,
Make thy selfe worthy of it, and take heed,
Take heed *Enadue* this be serious,
Mocke not the powers above, that can, and dare
Give thee a great example of their iustice
To all insuing eies, if thou plai'st
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.

Enad. I have done nothing good to win belcefe,
My life hath beene so faithlesse, all the Creatures
Made for heavens honors have their ends and good ones,
All but the consening *Crocodiles*, false women.
They reigne here like those plagues those killing sores
Men pray against, and when they die, like tales
Ill told, and unbeleev'd they passe away,
And goe to dust forgotten: But my Lord
Those short daies I shall number to my rest,
(As many must not see me,) shall though too late,
Though in my evening, yet perceive a will
Since I can doe no good because a woman,
Reach constantly at something that is neere it,
I will redeeme one minute of my age,
Or like another *Niobe* Ile weepe
Till I am water.

Amin. I am now dissolved:
My frozen soule melts: may each sin thou hast,
Finde a new mercy: rise, I am at Peace:
Hadst thou beene thus, thus excellently good,
Before that devill King tempted thy frailty.
Sure thou hadst made a star, give me thy hand,
From this time I will know thee, and as far
As honour gives me leave, be thy *Aminitor*,
When we meet next I will salute thee fairely,
And pray the gods to give thee happy daies,
My Charity shall goe along with thee,
Though my embraces must be far from thee,
I should ha' kild thee, but this sweet repentance

The Maides Tragedie.

Lockes up my vengeance, for which thus I kisse thee,
The last kisse we must take, and would to heaven
The holy Priest that gave our hands together,
Had given us equall vertues, goe *Euadne*,
The gods thus part our bodies, have a care
My honour fallles no further, I am well then,

Euad. All the deare ioyes here, and above hereafter
Crowne thy faire soule, thus I take leave my Lord,
And never shall you see the soule *Euadne*
Till sh'ave tried all honoured meanes that may
Set her in rest, and wash her staines away.

Exeunt.

Hoboyes play within.

Banquet. Enter King, Calianax.

King. I cannot tell how I should credit this
From you that are his enemye.

Cal. I am sure he said it to me, and Ile iustifie it
What way he dares oppose, but with my sword.

King. But did he breake without all circumstance
To you his foe, that he would have the fort
To kill me, and then scape?

Cal. If he denie it, Ile make him blush.

King. It sounds incredibly.

Cal. I so does every thing I say of late.

King. Not so *Calianax*.

Cal. Yes I should fit

Mute, whilst a Rogue with strong armes cuts your throat.

King. Well I will trie him, and if this be true
Ile pawne my life Ile finde it, ift be false,
And that you clothe your hate in such a lie,
You shall hereafter doate in your owne house,
Not in the Court.

Cal. Why, if it be a lie
Mine eares are false, for Ile be sworne I heard it:
Old men are good for nothing, you were best
Put me to death for hearing, and free him
For meaning it, you would have trusted me
Once, but the time is altered,

King.

The Maides Tragedie.

King. And will still where I may doe with iustice to the world, you have no witnesse.

Cal. Yes my selfe.

King. No more I meane there were that heard it.

Cal. How no more? would you have more? why am not I enough to hang a thousand Rogues?

King. But so you may hang honest men too if you please.

Cal. I may, tis like I will doe so, there are a hundred will sweare it for a need too, if I say it.

King. Such witnesses we need not.

Cal. And tis hard if my word cannot hang a boisterous

King. Enough, where's *Strato*? (knaue.

Stra. Sir.

Enter Strato.

King. Why wheres all the company? call *Aminor* in. *Euadne*, wheres my brother, and *Melantius*?

Bid him come too, and *Dipbilus*, call all *Exit Strat.*

That are without there; if he should desire

The combat of you, tis not in the power

Of all our lawes to hinder it, unlesse

We meane to quit'em.

Cal. Why if you doe thinke

Tis fit an old man, and a Counseller,

To fight for what he saies, then you may grant it.

Enter Amint. Euad. Mel. Dipb. Lipf. Cle. Stra. Diag.

King. Come sirs, *Aminor* thou art yet a Bridegroome, And I will use thee so, thou shalt sit downe,

Euadne sir, and you *Aminor* too,

This banquet is for you sir: who has brought

A merry tale about him, to raise laughter

Amongst our wine? why *Strato* where art thou?

Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably

When I desire'em nor.

Strat. Tis my ill lucke sir, so to spend them then.

King. Reach me a boule of wine: *Melantius* thou art sad.

Amin. I should be sir the merriest here,

But I ha nere a story of mine owne

Worth telling at this time.

The Maides Tragedie.

King. Give me the wine,
Melantius I am now considering
How easie twere for any man we trust
To poyson one of us in such a boule.

Mel. I thinke it were not hard Sir, for a knave.

Cal. Such as you are.

King. I faith twere easie, it becomes us well
To get plaine dealing men about our selver,
Such as you all are here, *Aminor* to thee
And to thy faire *Enadne*.

Mel. Have you thought of this *Calianax*?

aside.

Cal. Yes marry have I.

Mel. And whats your resolution?

Cal. Ye shall have it soundly I warrant you.

King. Reach to *Aminor*, *Strato*.

Amin. Here my love,

This wine will doe thee wrong, for it will set
Blushes upon thy cheekes, and till thou dost
A fault twere pittie.

King. Yet I wonder much
Of the strange desperation of these men,
That dare attempt such acts here in our state,
He could not scape that did it.

Mel. Were he knowne, impossible.

King. It would be knowne *Melantius*.

Mel. It ought to be, if he got then away
He must weare all our lives upon his sword,
He need not flie the Island, he must leave
No one alive.

King. No, I should thinke no man
Could kill me and scape cleare, but that old man.

Cal. But I? heaven blesse me, I, should I my Liege?

King. I doe not thinke thou wouldst, but yet thou mightst,
For thou hast in thy hands the meanes to scape,
By keeping of the Fort, he has *Melantius*,
And he has kept it well.

Mel. From cobwebs Sir,

Tis

The Maides Tragedie.

Tis cleane swept, I can find no other Art
In keeping of it now, twas neere besieg'd
Since he commanded.

Cal. I shall be sure of your good word,
But I have kept it safe from such as you.

Mel. Keepe your ill temper in,
I speake no malice, had my brother kept it
I should ha fed as much.

King. You are not merry, brother drinke wine:
Sit you all still, *Calianax*

I cannot trust thus, I have throwne out words
That would have fetcht warme blood upon the cheekes
Of guilty men, and he is neuer mov'd,
He knowes no such thing.

Cal. Impudence may scape, when feeble vertue is accus'd.

King. A must if he were guilty feele an alteration
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him,
You see he does not.

Cal. Let him hang himselfe,
What care I what he does, this he did say:

King. *Melanins*, You can easily conceive
What I have meant, for men that are in fault
Can subtylly apprehend when others aime
At what they doe amisse, but I forgive
Freely before this man, heaven doe so too;
I will not touch thee so much as with shame
Of telling it, let it be so no more.

Cal. Why this is very fine.

Mel. I cannot tell

What tis you meane, but I am apt enough
Rudely to thrust into ignorant fault,
But let me know it, happily tis nought
But misconstruction, and where I am cleare
I will not take forgivenesse of the gods,
Much lesse of you.

King. Nay if you stand so stiffe, I shal call back my mercy.

Mel. I will smoothnesse

The Maides Tragedie.

To thanke a man for pardoning of a crime
I never knew.

King. Not to instruct your knowledge, but to shew you
my cares are every where, you meant to kill me, and get the
fort to scape.

Mel. Pardon me Sir, my bluntnesse will be pardoned,
You preserve

A race of idle people here about you,
Eaters, and talkers, to defame the worth
Of those that doe things worthy, the man that uttered this
Had perish'd without food, bee't who it will,
But for this arme that fens't him from the Foe.
And if I thought you gave a faith to this,
The plainnesse of my nature would speake more,
Give me a pardon (for you ought to doo't)
To kill him that spake this.

Cal. I that will be the end of all,
Then I am fairely paide for all my care and service.

Mel. That old man, who calls me enemy, and of whom I
(Though I will never match my hate so low,)
Have no good thought, would yet I thinke excuse me,
And sweare he thought me wrong'd in this.

Cal. Who I, thou shameles Fellow, didst thou not speake
to me of it thy selfe?

Mel. O then it came from him.

Cal. From me, who should it come from but from me?

Mel. Nay I beleeve your malice is enough,
But I ha lost my anger, Sir I hope
You are well satisfied.

King. Lisip. chear *Amintor* & his Lady, theres no sound
Comes from you, I will come and doo't my selfe.

Amint. You have done already Sir for me I thanke you.

King. Melantius I doe credit this from him,
How sleight so ere you mak'e.

Cal. Tis strange you should.

Mel. Tis strange he should believe an old mans word,
That never lied in his life.

Mel.

The Maides Tragedie.

Mel. I talke not to thee,
Shall the wild words of this distempered man,
Franticke with age and sorrow, make a breach
Betwixt your Maiestie and me? twas wrong
To hearken to him, but to credit him
As much, at least, as I have power to beare;
But pardon me, whilst I speake onely truth,
I may commend my selfe — I have bestowd
My carelesse blood with you, and should be loth
To thinke an action that would make me lose
That, and my thanks too: when I was a boy
I thrust my selfe into my Countries cause,
And did a deed, that pluckt five yeares from time,
And stil'd me man then, and for you my King
Your subiects all have fed by vertue of my arme.
This sword of mine hath plowd the ground,
And reapt the fruit in peace;
And you your selfe have liv'd at home in ease:
So terrible I grew, that without swords
My name hath fetcht you conquest, and my heart
And limmes are still the same, my will as great
To doe you service: let me not be paid
With such a strange distrust.

King. *Melantius*, I held it great injustice to beleve
Thine enemy, and did not, if I did,
I doe not, let that satisfie: what stricke
With sadnesse all? more wine.

Cal. A few fine words have overthrowne my truth,
A th'art a Villaine.

Mel. Why thou wert better let me have the fort,
Dorard, I will disgrace thee thus for ever, *aside.*
There shall no credit lie upon thy words,
Thinke better and deliver it.

Cal. My Leige, hees at me now agen to doe it, speake,
Denie it if thou canst, examine him
Whilst he is hot, for if he coole agen,
He will forswear it.

King.

The Maides Tragedie.

King. This is lunacie I hope, *Melampus.*

Mel. He hath lost himselfe
Much since his daughter mist the happinesse
My sister gaine, and though he call me Foe,
I pittie him.

Cal. Pittie a pox upon you,

King. Marke his disordered words, and at the Maske

Mel. *Diagoras* knowes he rag'd, and raild at me,
And call'd a Lady Whore so innocent
She understood him not, but it becomes
Both you and me too, to forgive distraction,
Pardon him as I doe.

Cal. Ile not speake for thee, for all thy cunning, if you
will be safe chop off his head, for there was never knowne
so impudent a Rascall.

King. Some that love him get him to bed: why, pittie
should not let age make it selfe contemptible, wee must bee
all old have him away.

Mel. *Calianax* the King beleeves you, come, you shall go
Home, and rest, you ha done well, youle give it up
When I have us'd you thus a month I hope.

Cal. Now, now, 'tis plaine sir, he does move me still,
He saies he knowes Ile give him up the fort
When he has us'd me thus a month: I am mad,
Am I not still?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Cal. I shall be mad indeed if you doe thus,
Why would you trust a sturdie fellow there,
(That has no verue in him, alas in his sword)
Before me? doe but take his weapons from him
And hees an Ass, and I am a very foole
Both with him, and without him, as you use me.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

King. Tis well, *Calianax*, but if you use
This once agen I shall intreat some other
To see your offices be well discharg'd.
Be merry Gentlemen, it growes somewhat late.

Amintor

The Murther Tragedie.

Aminator thou wouldest be a bedagen.

Amin. Yes Sir.

Kin. And you *Euadne*, let me take thee in my armes, *Melantius*, and beleeve thou art as thou deservest to be, my friend still, and for ever. Good *Calianax*, Sleep soundly, it will bring thee to thy selfe.

Exeunt omnes. Manent Mel. & Cal.

Cal. Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now I hope, I could not be thus else. How dar'st thou stay Alone with me, knowing how thou hast used me?

Mel. You cannot blast me with your tongue, And thats the strongest part you have about you.

Cal. I doe looke for some great punishment for this, For I begin to forget all my hate, And tak'unkindly that mine enemy Should vse me so extraordinarily scurvily.

Mel. I shall melt too, if you begin to take Unkindnesses; I never meant you hurt.

Cal. Thou anger me again, thou wretched rogue, Meant me no hurt! disgrace me with the King, Lose all my offices, this is no hurt Is it? I prethee what dost thou call hurt? *Mel.* To poison men because they love me now, To call the credit of mens wives in question, To murder children betwixt me and land, This is all hurt.

Cal. All this thou thinkst is sport, For mine is worse, but use thy will with me, For betwixt griefe and anger I could cry.

Mel. Be wise then and be safe, thou mayst revenge.

Cal. I oth' the King, I would revenge of thee.

Mel. That you must plot your selfe.

Cal. I am a fine plotter.

Mel. The short is, I will hold thee with the King In this perplexitie, till peevidnesse And thy disgrace have layd thee in thy grave: But if thou wilt deliver up the fort,

The Maides Tragedie.

He take thy trembling body in my armes,
And beare thee over dangers, thou shalt hold
Thy wonted state.

Cal. If I should tell the king, canst thou deny't agent?

Mel. Try and believe.

Cal. Nay then thou canst bring any thing about,
Thou shalt have the Fort.

Mel. Why well, here let our hate be buried, and
This hand shall right us both, give me thy aged breast
to compasse.

Cal. Nay, I doe not love thee yet,
I cannot well endure to looke on thee,
And if I thought it were a curtesie,
Thou shouldst not have it, but I am disgrac't,
My Offices are to be tane away,
And if I did but hold this fort a day,
I doe beleewe the king would take it from me,
And give it thee, things are so strangely carried:
Nere thank me for't, but yet the king shal know
There was some such thing in't I told him of,
And that I was an honest man.

Mel. Heele buy that knowledge very dearly: *Diph.*
What newes with thee? *Enter Diphilus*

Diph. This were a night indeed to doe it in,
The king hath sent for her.

Mel. She shall performe it then, goe *Diphilus*,
And take from this good man, my worthy friend,
The Fort, heele give it thee.

Diph. Ha you got that?

Cal. Art thou of the same breed? canst thou deny
This to the king too?

Diph. With a confidence as great as his.

Cal. Faith like enough.

Mel. Away and use him kindly.

Cal. Touch not me, I hate the whole straine, if thou fol-
low me a great way off, He give thee up the Fort, and hang
your selves.

Mel.

The Maides Tragedie.

Mel. Be gone.

Diph. Hees finely wrought. *Exeunt Cal. Diph.*

Mel. This is a night spight of Astronomers
To doe the deed is, I will wash the staine
That rests upon our houte, off with his bloud.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. *Melantius* now assist me if thou beest
That which thou sayst, assist me, I have lost
All my distempers, and have found a rage
So pleasing, helpe me.

Mel. Who can see him thus,
And not sweare vengeance? whats the matter friend?

Amin. Out with thy sword, and hand in hand with me
Rush to the chamber of this hated king,
And sink him with the weight of all his sins
To hell for ever.

Mel. Twere a rash attempt,
Not to be done with safety, let your reason
Plot your revenge, and not your passion.

Amin. If thou refusest me in these extreames,
Thou art no friend: he sent for her to me,
By heaven to me, my selfe, and I must tell ye
I love her as a stranger, there is worth
In that vile woman, worthy things *Melantius*,
And she repents, Ile do't my selfe alone,
Though I be flaine. Farewell.

Mel. Heele overthrow my whole designe with madnesse:
Amintor, thinke what thou doest, I dare as much as valour,
But tis the King, the King, the King, *Amintor*,
With whom thou fighest. I know hees honest, *aside*,
And this will worke with him.

Amin. I cannot tell.
What thou hast sayd, but thou hast charm'd my sword
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here
Defencelesse.

Mel. I will take it up for thee.

Amin. What a wilde beast is uncollected man!

The Maides Tragedie.

The thing that we call honour beares us all
Headlong into sinne, and yet it selfe is nothing.

Met. Alas, how variable are thy thoughts?

Amin. Iust like my fortunes, I was run to that
I purpos'd to have chid thee for.

Som plot I did distrust thou hadst against the king

By that old fellows carriage, but take heed,

Theres not the least limbe growing to a King,

But carries thunder in't.

Met. I have none against him.

Amin. Why? come then, and still remember wee may not
thinke revenge,

Met. I will remember.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Euadne and a Gentleman.

E*UAD.* Sir, is the King abed?

Gent. Madam, an houre agoe.

Euad. Give me the Key then, and let none be neere,
Tis the Kings pleasure.

Gent. I understand you Madam, would twere mine,
I must not with good rest unto your Ladyship.

Euad. You talke, you talke.

Gent. Tis all I dare doe Madame, but the King will
wake, and then.

Euad. Saving your imagination, pray, good night Sir.

Gent. A good night be it then, and a long one Madame,
I am gone.

Euad. The night grows horrible, and all about me
Like my black purpote, O the conscience

Of a lost virgin, whither wilt thou pull me?

To what things dismal, as the depth of hell,

Wilt

The Maides Tragedie.

Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare
 From this houre be disloyall, if her heart
 Be flesh, if she have blood, and can feare, tis a daring
 Above that desperate foole that left his place,
 And went to sea to fight, tis so many sins
 An age cannot prevent 'em, and so great,
 The gods want mercie for, yet I must through 'em,
 I have begun a slaughter on my honour,
 And I must end it there; a sleeper, good heavens,
 Why give you peace to this untemperate beast
 That hath so long transgressed you? I must kill him,
 And I will do't bravely: the meere joy
 Tels me I merit in it, yet I must not
 Thus tamely doe it as he sleepes, that were
 To rocke him to another world, my vengeance
 Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
 The number of his wrongs and punishments.
 Ile shake his sins like furies, till I waken
 His evill angel, his sick conscience,
 And then Ile strike him dead: King by your leave
 I dare not trust your strength, your grace and I
 Must grapple upon even tearmes no more,
 So, if he raile me not from my resolution,
 I shall be strong enough.
 My Lord the King, my Lord: a sleeper
 As if he meant to wake no more, my Lord,
 Is he not dead already? Sir, my Lord.

King. Who's that?

Eriad. O you sleep soundly Sir.

King. My deare *Eriadne*,

I have been dreaming of thee, come to bed.

Eriad. I am come at length Sir, but how welcome?

King. What pretty new device is this *Eriadne*?

What doe you tie me to you, by my love?

This is a queint one: come my deare and kisse me,

Be thy *Mars*, to bed my Queen of love,

Let us be caught together, hat the gods may see,

*Ties his
 armes to
 the bed.*

The Maides Tragedie.

And envie our embraces.

Euad. Stay fir, stay,

You are too hot, and I have brought you Physick
To temper your high veines.

King. Prethee to bed then, let me take it warme,
There you shalt know the state of my body better.

Euad. I know you have a surfeited foule body,
And you must bleed.

King. Bleed!

Euad. I you shall bleed; lie still, and if the divell,
Your lust will give you leave, repent, this Steele
Comes to redeeme the honour that you stole
King, my faire name, which nothing but thy death
Can answer to the world.

King. How's this *Euadne*?

Euad. I am not she, nor beare I in this breast
So much cold spirit to be cald a woman,
I am a Tyger, I am any thing
That knowes not pittie, stirre not, if thou doeſt,
He take thee unprepar'd, thy feares upon thee,
That make thy fins looke double, and so send thee
(By my revenge I will) to looke those torments
Prepar'd for such black soules.

King. Thou doeſt not mean this, tis impossible,
Thou art too sweet and gentle.

Euad. No I am not,
I am as foule as thou art, and can number
As many such hels here : I was once faire,
Once I was lovely, not a blowing rose
More chastly sweet, till thou, thou, thou foule canker,
(Stirre not) didſt poyson me, I was a world of vertue,
Till your curſt Court and you (hell bleſſe you for't)
Wich your temptations on temptations
Made me give up mine honour, for which (King)
I am come to kill thee.

King. No.

Euad. I am.

King

The Maides Tragedie.

King. Thou art not.

I prethee speake not these things, thou art gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.

Euad. Peace and heare me.

Stirre nothing but your tongue, and that for mercie,
To those above us, by whose lights I vow,
Those blessed fires, that shone to see our sinne,
If thy hot soule had substance with thy bloud,
I would kill that too, which being past my Steele,
My tongue shall reach: Thou art a shamelesse villaine,
A thing out of the over-charge of nature,
Sent like a thicke cloud to disperse a plague
Upon weake catching women, such a tyrant
That for his lust would sell away his subjects,
I all is heaven hereafter.

King. Heare Euadne,

Thou soule of sweetnesse, heare, I am thy king.

Euad. Thou art my shame, lie still, theres none about you
Within your cries, all promises of safety
Are but deluding dreames, thus, thus thou foule man,
Thus I begin my vengeance.

Stabs him.

King. Hold Euadne,

I doe command thee hold.

Euad. I doe not meane sir.

To part so fairly with you, we must change
More of these love-trickes yet.

King. What bloody villaine
Provok's thee to this murder?

Euad. Thou, thou monster.

King. Oh.

Euad. Thou keptst mee brave at Court, and whor'd mee,
Then married me to a young noble Gentleman,
And whor'd me still.

(King)

King. Euadne pittie me.

Euad. Hell take me then, this for my Lord Amintor,
This for my noble brother, and this stroke
For the most wrong'd of women.

Kills him.

King

The Maides Tragedie.

King. Oh I dye.

Enad. Die all our faults together, I forgive thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter two of the Bed-chamber.

1. Come now shees gone, lets enter, the King expects it, and will be angry.

2. Tis a fine wench, wee le have a snap at her one of these nights as shee goes from him.

1. Content: how quickly he had done with her, I see Kings can doe no more that way than other mortall people.

2. How fast he is! I cannot heare him breathe.

1. Either the tapers give a feeble light, or hee lookes very pale.

2. And so hee does, pray heaven he be well.

Lets looke: Alas, hees stiffe, wounded and dead.

Treason, Treason.

1. Run forth and call.

Exit. Gent.

2. Treason, Treason.

~~With this~~ be laid on us: who can believe

A woman could doe this?

Enter Cleon and Lisippus.

Cleon. How now? wheres the traytor?

1. Fled, fled away, but there her wofull a& Lies still.

Cle. Her a&! a woman!

Lis. Wheres the body?

1. There.

Lis. Farewell thou worthy man, there were two bonds That tied our loves, a brother and a King,

The least of which might fetch a flood of teares:

But such the misery of greatnesse is,

They have no time to mourne, then pardon me.

Sirs, which way went she?

Enter Strato.

Strato. Never follow her,

For she alas was but the instrument.

News is now brought in, that *Melantius*

The Maides Tragedie.

Has got the Fort, and stands upon the wall,
And with a loud voyce calls those few that passe
At this dead time of night. delivering
The innocence of this act.

Lis. Gentlemen I am your king.

Strat. We doe acknowledge it.

Lis. I would I were not : follow all ; for this must have a
sudden stop.

Exeunt.

Enter Melant. Diph. Cal. on the walls.

Mel. If the dull people can beleeve I am arm'd.
Be constant *Diphilus*, now we have time,
Either to bring our banisht honors home,
Or create new ones in our ends.

Diph. I feare not,
My spirit lies not that way. Courage *Calianax*.

Cal. Would I had any, you should quickly know it.

Mel. Speake to the people, thou art eloquent.

Cal. Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallows,
You were borne to be my end, the devill take you.
Now must I hang for company, tis strange
I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

Enter Lisip. Diag. Cleon. Strat. Guard.

Lisip. See where he stands as boldly confident,
As if he had his full command about him.

Strat. He lookes as if he had the better cause, Sir.
Vnder your gracious pardon let me speake it,
Though he be mighty spirited and forward
To all great things, to all things of that danger
Worse men shake at the telling of, yet certainly
I doe beleeve him noble, and this action
Rather puld on then sought, his minde was ever
As worthy as his hand.

Lis. Tis my feare too,
Heaven forgive all : summon him Lord *Cleon*.

Cleon. Ho from the wals there.

Mel. Worthy *Cleon* welcome,
We could a wisht you here Lord, you are honest.

The Maides Tragedie.

Cal. Well thou art as flattering a knave, though I dare
no tell thee so. *aside.*

Lis. Melantius.

Mel. Sir.

Lis. I am sorry that we meet thus, our old love
Never requir'd such distance, pray heaven
You have not left your selfe, and sought this safety
More out of feare then honor, you have lost
A noble master, which your faith, *Melantius*,
Some thinke might have preserv'd, yet you know best.

Cal. When time was I was mad, some that dares
Fight I hope will pay this rascall. *(thee,*

Mel. Royall young man, whose teares looke lovely on
Had they bene shed for a deserving one,
They had bene lasting monuments. Thy brother,
Whilst he was good, I calld him King, and serv'd him,
With that strong faith, that most unwearied valour,
Pul'd people from the farthest sunne to seeke him,
And by his friendship, I was then his souldier,
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his lust,
(That never-cur'd dishonour of my sister,
Base staine of whore, and which is worse,
The ioy to make it still so) like my selfe,
Thus I have flung him off with my allegiance,
And stand here mine own iustice to revenge
What I have suffred in him, and this old man
Wrongd almost to lunacie.

Cal. Who I? you wud draw me in: I have had no wrong,
I doe disclaime ye all.

Mel. The short is this;
Tis no ambition to lift up my selfe
V'geth me thus, I doe desire againe
To be a subiect, so I may be free;
If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild
This goodly towne, be speedy, and be wise, in a reply.

Sir. Be sudden Sir totie

The Maides Tragedie.

All up againe, what's done is past recall,
And past you to revenge, and there are thousands
That wait for such a troubled houre as this,
Throw him the blanke.

Lis. *Melantius*, write in that thy choyce,
My scale is at it.

Mel. It was our honours drew us to this act,
No gaine, and we will only worke our pardons.

Cal. Put my name in too.

Diph. You disclaim'd us all but now *Calianax*.

Cal. Thats all one,
Ile not be hanged hereafter by a tricke,
Ile have it in.

Mel. You shall, you shall:
Come to the backe gate, and weele call you King,
And give you up the Fort.

Lis. Away, away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Aspatia in mans apparell.

Aspat. This is my fatall houre, heaven may forgive
My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid
Griefes on mee that will never let me rest,
And put a womans heart into my breast,
It is more honor for you that I die,
For she that can indure the misery
That I have on me, and be patient too,
May live and laugh at all that you can doe.
God save you sir.

Enter servant.

Ser. And you sir, whats your businesse?

Aspat. With you sir now, to doe me the faire office
To helpe me to your Lord.

Ser. What would you serve him?

Aspat. Ile doe him any service, but to haste,
For my affaires are earnest, I desire
To speake with him.

Ser. Sir because you are in such haste, I would be loth
delay you longer: you cannot.

Aspat. It shall become you though to tell your Lord.

The Maides Tragedie.

Ser. Sir he will speake with no body.

Asp. This is most strange : art thou gold prooffe ? theres for thee, helpe me to him.

Ser. Pray be not angry Sir, Ile doemy best. *Exit.*

Asp. How stubbornly this fellow answer'd me;
There is a vile dishonest tricke in man,
More then in women : all the men I meet
Aspeare thus to me, are harsh and rude,
And have a subtilty in every thing,
Which love could never know ; but we fond women
Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts
And thinke all shall goe so, it is unjust
That men and women should be matcht together.

Enter Amintor and his man.

Amin. Where is he ?

Ser. There my Lord.

Amin. What would you Sir ?

Asp. Please it your Lordship to command your man
Out of the roome, I shall deliver things
Worthy your hearing.

Amin. Leave us.

Asp. O that that shape should bury falshood in it. *aside.*

Amin. Now your will Sir.

Aspat. When you know me, my Lord, you needs must
My businesse, and I am not hard to know, *(grosse*
For till the chance of warre markethis smooth face
With these few blemishes, people would call me
My sisters picture, and her mine; in short,
I am the brother to the wrong'd *Aspatia.*

Amin. The wrong'd *Aspatia*, would thou wert so too
Vnto the wrong'd *Aminor*; let me kisse
That hand of thine in honour that I beare
Vnto the wrong'd *Aspatia*; here I stand
That did it, would he could not, gentle youth
Leave me, for there is something in thy looks
That cals my finnes in a most hideous forme
Into my mind, and I have griefe enough

Without

The Maides Tragedie.

Without thy helpe.

Aspat. I would I could wish credit.
Since I was twelve yeeres old I had not scene
My sister till this houre, I now arriv'd,
She sent for me to see her mariage,
A wofull one, but they that are above
Have ends in every thing, she us'd few words,
But yet enough to make me understand
The basenesse of the injuries you did her,
That little trayning I have had, is war,
I may behave my selfe rudely in peace,
I would not though, I shall not need to tell you
I am but young, and would be loth to lose
Honour that is not easily gain'd againe,
Fairely I meane to deale, the age is strict
For single combates, and we shall be stoppt
If it be publisht, if you like your sword,
Use it, if mine appeare a better to you,
Change, for the ground is this, and this the time
To end our difference.

Amin. Charitable youth,
If thou beest such, thinke not I will maintaine
So strange a wrong, and for thy sisters sake,
Know, that I could not thinke that desperate thing
I durst not doe, yet to enjoy this world
I would not see her, for beholding thee,
I am I know not what, if I have ought
That may content thee, take it and be gone,
For death is not so terrible as thou,
Thine eies shoot guilt into me.

Aspat. Thus she swore,
Thou wouldst behave thy selfe, and give me words
That would fetch teares into mine eies, and so
Thou dost indeed, but yet she bad me watch,
Lest I were cosen'd, and be sure to fight
Ere I return'd.

Amin. That must not be with me,

The Maides Tragedie.

For her Ile die directly, but against her
Will never hazard it.

Asp. You must be urg'd, I doe not deale uncivilly with
Those that dare to fight, but such a one as you
Must be usd thus. *She strikes him.*

Amint. I prethee youth take heed,
Thy sister is a thing to me so much
Above mine honor, that I can indure
All this, good gods — a blow I can indure,
But stay not, lest thou draw a timelesse death
Vpon thy selfe.

Aspat. Thou art some prating fellow,
One that has studied out a trick to talke
And move soft hearted people; to be kickt *She kickes him.*
Thus to be kickt — why should he be so slow *aside.*
In giving me my death?

Amint. A man can beare
No more and keepe his flesh, forgive me then,
I would indure yet if I could, now shew
The spirit thou pretendest, and understand
Thou hast no houre to live: *They fight.*
What dost thou meane? thou canst not fight:
The blowes thou makst at me are quite besides,
And those I offer at thee, thou spreadst thine armes
And takst upon thy brest, alas defencelesse.

Aspat. I have got enough,
And my desire, there is no place so fit
For me to die as here. *Enter Enadne.*

Enad. *Amint.* I am loaden with events
That flie to make thee happy, I have ioyes *Her hands*
That in a moment can call backe thy wrongs *blondy with*
And settle thee in thy free state againe, *a knife.*
It is *Enadne* still that followes thee,
But not her mischiefs.

Amint. Thou canst not foole me to beleeeve agen,
But thou hast looks and things so full of newes
That I am staid.

Enad.

The Maides Tragedie.

Euad. Noble *Amin*ter put off thy amaze,
Let thine eies loose, and speake, am I not faire?
Looks not *Euadne* beauteous with these rites now?
Were those houres halfe so lovely in thine eies,
When our hands met before the holy man?
I was too soule within, to looke faire then,
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.

Amin. There is presage of some important thing
About thee, which it seemes thy tongue hath lost:
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife.

Euad. In this consists thy happinesse and mine;
Ioy to *Amin*ter, for the King is dead.

Amin. Those have most power to hurt us that we love,
We lay our sleeping lives within their armes.
Why? thou hast rais'd up mischief to his height,
And found one, to out-name thy other faults;
Thou hast no intermission of thy sinnes,
But all thy life is a continued ill,
Blacke is thy colour now, disease thy nature,
Ioy to *Amin*ter? thou hast toucht a life,
The very name of which had power to chaine
Vp all my rage, and calme my wildest wrongs.

Euad. Tis done, and since I could not find a way
To meete thy love so cleare, as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.

Amin. Couldst thou procure the gods to speake to me,
To bid me love this woman, and forgive,
I thinke I should fall out with them, behold
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my brest,
Sent by his violent Fate to fetch his death
From my slow hand: and to augement my woe,
You now are present stain'd with a Kings bloud
Violently shed: this keepes night here,
And throwes an unknowne wilderness about me.

Asp. Oh, oh, oh.

Amin. No more, pursue me not.

Euad. Forgive me then, and take me to thy bed.

We

The Maides Tragedie.

We may not part.

Amin. Forbeare, be wise, and let my rage goe this way.

Euad. Tis you that I would stay, not it.

Amin. Take heed, it will returne with me.

Euad. If it must be, I shall not feare to meete it,
Take me home.

Amin. Thou monster of cruelty, forbear.

Euad. For heavens sake looke more calme,
Thine eyes are sharper then thou canst make thy sword.

Amin. Away, away, thy knees are more to me then
violence,

I am worse then sicke to see knees follow me,
For that I must not grant, for heavens sake stand.

Euad. Receive me then.

Amin. I dare not stay thy language,
In midst of all my anger, and my grieve,
Thou do'st awake something that troubles me,
And saies I lov'd thee once, I dare not stay,
There is no end of womans reasoning

leaves her.

Euad. *Amin* thou shalt love me now againe,
Go I am calme, farewell; And peace for ever.

Euadne whom thou hat'st will die for thee. *Kills her selfe.*

Amin. I have a little humane nature yet
Thats left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand. *Returns.*

Euad. Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late,
Oh I am lost, the heavy sleepe makes haste. *She dies.*

Asps. Oh, oh, oh.

Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feele
A starke affrighted motion in my bloud,
My soule growes weary of her house, and I
All over am a trouble to my selfe,
There is some hidden power in these dead things
That calls my flesh into 'em, I am cold,
Be resolute, and beare em company,
Theres something yet which I am loth to leave,
Theres man enough in me to meet the feares
That death can bring, and yet would it were done,

I can

The Maides Tragedie.

I can finde nothing in the whole discourse
Of death I durst not meet the boldest way,
Yet still betwixt the reason and the act,
The wrong I to *Aspatia* did, stands up,
I have not such another fault to answer,
Though she may justly arme her selfe with scorne
And hate of me, my soule will part lesse troubled,
When I have payd to her in teares my sorrow,
I will not leave this act unsatisfied,
If all that is left in me can answer it.

Aspa. Was it a dreame? there stands *Aminor* still,
Or I dreame still.

Amin. How dost thou? speak, receive my love and help:
Thy blood climbs up to his old place againe,
Theres hope of thy recovery.

Aspa. Did you not name *Aspatia*?

Amin. I did.

Aspa. And talkt of teares and sorrow unto her.

Amin. Tis true, and till these happy signes in thee
Did stay my course, twas thither I was going.

Aspa. Th'art there already, and these wounds are hers:
Those threats I brought with me, sought not revenge,
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand.
I am *Aspatia* yet.

Amin. Dare my soule ever looke abroad agen?

Aspa. I shall surely live *Aminor*, I am well,
A kinde of healthfull joy wanders within me.

Amin. The world wants lines to excuse thy losse,
Come let me beare thee to some place of helpe.

Aspa. *Aminor* thou must stay, I must rest here,
My strength begins to disobey my will.
How dost thou my best soule? I would faine live,
Now if I could, wouldst thou have loved me then?

Amin. Alas, all that I am's not worth a haire
From thee.

Aspa. Give me thy hand, mine hands grope up & downe;

L

And

The Maides Tragedie.

And cannot finde thee, I am wondrous sicke :
Have I thy hand *Aminor* ?

Amin. Thou greateſt bleſſing of the world, thou haſt :

Aſpa. I doe beleeeve thee better than my ſenſe.

Oh I muſt goe, farewell.

Amin. She ſounds: *Aſpatia*. Helpe, for heavens ſake water,
Such as may chain life ever to this frame.

Aſpatia ſpeake : what no helpe ? yet I ſoole,
He chaſe her temples, yet theres nothing ſtirres,

Some hidden power tell her *Aminor* calls,

And let her answer me : *Aſpatia* ſpeake.

I have heard, if there be any life, but bow

The body thus, and it will ſhew it ſelfe.

Oh ſhe is gone, I will not leave her yet.

Since out of juſtice we muſt challenge nothing,

He call it mercie if youle pittie me,

You heavenly powers, and lend for ſome few yeares,

The bleſſed ſoule to this faire ſeat againe.

No comfort comes, the gods deny me too.

He bow the body once againe : *Aſpatia*.

The ſoule is fled for ever, and I wrong

My ſelfe, ſo long to loſe her company.

Muſt I talk now? Heres to be with thee love. *Kils himſelfe.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. This is a great grace to my Lord, to have the new
King come to him, I muſt tell him he is entring. O heaven,
helpe, helpe.

Enter Liſip. Melant. Cal. Cleon, Diph. Strato.

Liſ. Wheres *Aminor* ?

Str. O there, there.

Liſ. How ſtrange is this ?

Cal. What ſhould we doe here ?

Mel. Theſe deaths are ſuch acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart diſſolves not. May I ſtand
Stiffe here for ever : eyes call up your teares,
This is *Aminor* : heart, he was my friend,

Mela

The Maides Tragedie.

Mel, now it flowes, *Aminor* give a word
To call me to thee.

Amin. Oh.

Mel. *Melantius* calles his friend *Aminor*, oh thy armes
Are kinder to me than thy tongue,
Speake, speake.

Amin. What?

Mel. That little word was worth all the sounds
That ever I shall heare againe.

Diph. O brother, here lies your sister slaine,
You lose your selfe in sorrow there.

Mel. Why *Diphilus*, I is
A thing to laugh at in respect of this
Here was my Sister, Father, Brother, Sonne,
All that I had, speake once againe,
What youth lies slaine there by thee?

Amin. Tis *Aspatia*.
My sinne's fade, let me give up my soule
Into thy bosome.

Cal. What's that? what's that *Aspatia*?

Mel. I never did repent the greatnesse of my heart till now.
It will not burst at need.

Cal. My daughter dead here too, and you have all fine
new trickes to grieve, but I nere knew any but direct
crying.

Mel. I am a pratler, but no more.

Diph. Hold brother.

Lisip. Stop him.

Diph. Fie, how unmanly was this offer in you,
Does this become our straine?

Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am
Growne very kinde, and am friends with you.
You have given me that among you will kill me
Quickly, but Ile goe home, and live as long as I can.

Mel. His spirit is but poore that can be kept
From death for want of weapons.

The Maides Tragedie.

Is not my hands a weapon good enough
To stop my breath; or if you tie downe those,
I vow *Amintor* *I* will never eate,
Or drinke, or sleepe, or have to doe with that
That may preserve life, this *I* sweare to keepe.

Lisp. Looke to him tho, and beare those bodies in.
May this afaire example be to me,
To rule with temper: for on lustfull Kings
Unlookt for sudden deaths from heaven are sent,
But curst is he that is their instrument.

FINIS.
